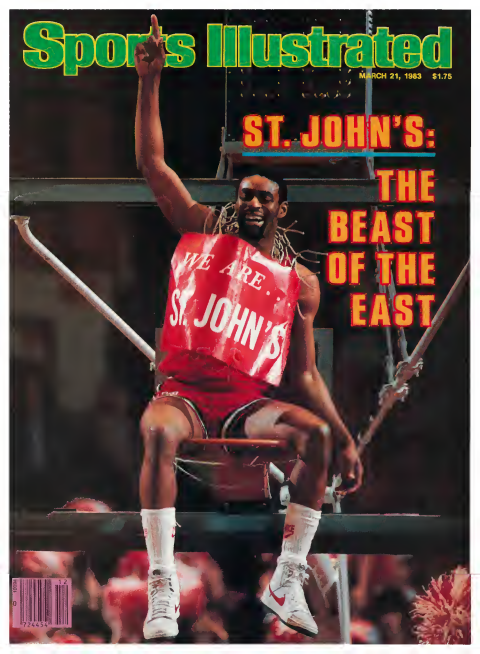


Sports Illustrated



MARCH 21, 1983 \$1.75

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3

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When a baseball player starts peppering his conversation with Wall Street buzz words like "upside potential" and "downside risk," you may think he's paying more attention to his stocks than his stats. But for Bobby Mitchell, whose journal of his 1982 season with the Portland (Ore.) Beavers begins on page 74, it's merely the parlance of his other career as a stockbroker at Somers, Grove & Co., Inc. in Portland.

When Mitchell first got in touch with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* just over a year ago, he was neither a stockbroker nor a published writer; he was a minor-leaguer entering his seventh season. From his parents' home in Hasbrouck Heights, N.J., he called Baseball Editor Larry Keith to ask if we'd be interested in considering a story he'd written. Keith told him to send it in. Two hours

the fund invested in. He wanted a more active role.

And now he has one. He believes he got the job at Somers, Grove because he's a ballplayer. "There's a feeling in any business that when selling's involved, an athlete will be good at it," he says. "Athletes are competitive by nature. To be a good broker you have to believe you're the best. The same attitude is necessary in baseball."

But when Mitchell specifically compares playing ball to playing the market, the latter comes up short. "In baseball, it's a great feeling to have your mind and body working together to achieve something," he says. "In stocks, there are also big risks and the timing can be crucial, too. Being a broker gets my adrenaline going, but there's nothing physical about it."

Mitchell the writer bloomed a little later than Mitchell the broker and Mitchell the player. It all started with a journal he kept in high school for his English courses. He went on to the University of Richmond on a baseball scholarship—he played second base and hit .364 in his junior year—and majored in English.

Mitchell plans to continue all three of his careers this year. He has figured out that the best way he can service his brokerage accounts and still play baseball is to be traded from the Pittsburgh organization to Philadelphia's.

Pittsburgh this winter moved its Triple A minor league team to Hawaii, and Philadelphia picked up the franchise in Portland. With minor league spring training starting this week, Mitchell is off to Bradenton, Fla. to join the Pittsburgh camp, where he'll be working out while trying to work out a deal.

Wherever he ends up playing, Mitchell is sure to excel at the triple play: stats to stocks to stories. There's a lot of upside potential in it.



MITCHELL, STOCKS, STATISTICS AND STORIES

later, the manuscript, which had been carried to our offices by Mitchell, was on Keith's desk, and three hours after that, Mitchell had sold his first story. It ran as a *FIRST PERSON* feature in our March 15, 1982 issue and revealed Mitchell's thoughts about facing Fernando Valenzuela, who was making his winter-ball debut in December 1981 while Mitchell was playing for the Mazatlan Venados.

Mitchell was still a Little Leaguer when, at age 12, he took his first plunge into the stock market. He invested in a mutual fund but quickly lost interest when he discovered that he didn't get to make any decisions about which stocks

Philip D. Hawbert

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Shopwalk

by JOY DUCKETT

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Personalized linen, license plates, clothing, luggage, marathon finishes. Marathon finishes? For sure, at least for the first 13,500 or so interested runners who crossed the line in last year's New York City Marathon, thanks to Manhattanite Ambrose Salmini and his company, Salmini Films, Inc.

The first 28 minutes of a half-hour documentary, 1982 New York City Marathon, made by Salmini in cooperation with the New York Road Runners Club, shows preparations for the marathon as well as highlights of the race itself—the throng along the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, the journey through the city streets, the triumphant finishes of Alberto Salazar and Grete Waitz. Then comes the good part, you coming up to the finish.

Three video cameras, stationed on a photo bridge 50 feet beyond the line, were fixed on the center, left and right chutes as the runners limped, staggered and exulted their way in. When Salmini receives an order for a personalized videotape, he notes the contestant's time and number and then pulls out his 12 hours of finish-line tape. Locating one runner can be time-consuming—at the peak there were 200 finishers a minute—but when that's done, Salmini merely edits about 20 seconds of that runner's finish onto a master tape of the marathon documentary. A copy is then made for the buyer. Price: reasonable, \$125. The documentary alone costs \$95.

Requests for personalized tapes have been received from about 200 people, including the coach of an Israeli track team (a third of the orders have come from foreign countries), who requested that the finish of each of his 15 runners be spliced in. And why not? "It's just another way to make their marathon special," says Salmini, himself a marathoner who finished in the top 20% in the 1982 Ironman Triathlon (swim 2.4 miles, bike 112 miles, run 26.2 miles, in one day) in Hawaii. "After all, everyone who ran is a part of the New York City Marathon show."

EW



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PERSPECTIVE

by FRANK DEFORD

THE N'WESTERN AND K STATE COLORS TURN THE AUTHOR PURPLE WITH ENVY

Nineteen eighty-two was one terrific year for purple. Kansas State actually got to a bowl game, and Northwestern actually won a football game. In fact, three of 'em. When I think of purple, which often as not I do, I think first of K State and N'western. They are the quintessential purple teams. Kansas State set the record for most consecutive losses, and then Northwestern broke it. Kansas State and Northwestern are pure purple, too. All they allow to go with their purple is white—"bridal gown white," as Charlie Finley used to put it. When you get teams that mix and match their purple with orange or gold, colors like that, pretty soon, you mark my words, the purple starts to take a back seat. When I say purple, I am not saying purple trim.

Myself, I have a purple overcoat. I bought it in Naples once when I was traveling with the Harlem Globetrotters. Early one morning we went down a back alley to a warehouse-type place. I believe the purple overcoat was stolen. I believe everything in the warehouse was. There were some awfully good prices. I sprung quickly for that purple overcoat. It was the middle of the summer, '90', wet heat, and my mind had not been on overcoats, but how often does an opportunity like that present itself?

The Vikings are another widely heralded purple team. They lose more Super Bowls than anybody you can name. And the L.A. Lakers are purple, only, as we shall see, they were closet purple for a long time, which probably explains why they do win the NBA every now and again.

I don't know why I fancy purple so much. I never went to a school with purple colors. I never saw a purple cow. I'm not a kang. It's just the way I am. Some people like liver. Some people like bowling. Some people like Dandy Don Meredith. Me: purple. It's an acquired taste, I think. For a long time I didn't care about purple one way or the other.

I was like everybody else, Doctor. Red or blue—with a little white, maybe cream, if I was really feeling wild and impetuous. And understand, Doctor, even

continued



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PERSPECTIVE continued

now I'm not constitutionally opposed to the red, white and blue. I'm not a subversive. But there's your red, white and blue, and your red, white and blue. Red, white and blue for flags, yes. For teams, no. I'm up to here with red, white and blue teams. Red and white; blue and white; red, white and blue; even the odd red and blue. Boring, boring, boring. The Betsy Ross Open. Maybe your idea of a great game is 21-20 or 86-85 in triple OT. My idea is a good purple team against a green club, maybe, or an orange-and-black, or your basic black and silver. Here we're talking about good games to watch.

Probably the most famous sports purple isn't worn by a team. It's Wimbledon's purple. Wimbledon's colors are purple and green, just like the Highland Brigade. Only Wimbledon chose its colors first. The best guess is purple for royalty, green for grass. Only they don't call it purple and green. They say mauve and green. Mauve is a kind of dull purple, an off-purple.

I never realized this until I got into purple, but it has many shades. Your violet, your lavender, your royal, your plum. And over here, your mauve. There's a purple for everybody. You could have a whole league of purple teams, but all different, because of the shades. Are you listening, USFL? Why, just look at Kansas State. It wears one shade of purple basketball top with another shade of purple shorts. Purple doesn't clash with itself, the way, say, red does. If you put two shades of red together in a uniform, it would never work. It would look like blotches and pimples, stuff like that.

But, back to mauve. You're probably saying: This guy, you could sell him anything purple, he has no discretion whatsoever. Not so. Mauve doesn't work with green. It's very hard to tell where the mauve ends and the green begins. Probably this is why Billie Jean King says Wimbledon has such a great background. Even the ballboys are drabbed out in mauve and green. They wear mauve socks. There are limits. Mauve socks, with sneakers, is a limit.

By now, I own practically an entire purple wardrobe. Purple ties, purple shirts, purple sweaters, purple (non-sneaker) socks, purple belts, purple handkerchiefs. Never have run across any purple underwear, though it's probably out there somewhere.

It's funny, too, when you think about it, this obsession with red, white and blue

uniforms. What are the two greatest dynasties in American sports? The Yankees and the Celtics. One is black and white and yucky gray and black, and the other is green and white. You would think owners and general managers would see the message there, wouldn't you? But no, they just keep coming back to the same old combinations.

Probably the greatest breakthrough in the history of purple sports came about 18 years ago when Jack Kent Cooke, who owned the Lakers, put them in purple garb. When he started the Kings later on, he dressed them the same. A nice full plum tone, head to toe. Now, the Kings we don't have to concern ourselves with, inasmuch as they play hockey and nobody outside of San Aquil del Rey Estates ever heard of them, but the Lakers are a real team, possibly even a role model. Before Cooke, the Lakers were just another everyday blue-and-white team.

But, as I understand it, Cooke has a thing about purple, and within two seasons he had the Lakers in purple. Only you know what? While Cooke is bananas about purple the color, he can't stand the word. And so he said, what do you mean the Lakers are wearing purple, they're wearing Forum Blue. The Forum is the place Cooke built for the Lakers to play in. We should not be surprised then, should we? A man calls an arena a Forum, he will call purple blue. Jerry Buss, who bought the Lakers in 1979, now calls the same color royal purple.

Cooke's blue purple reminds me of gold. Some teams have yellow in their colors, but they always call it gold. Yellow means you're chicken. And in the old-fashioned days, pre-TV, if you hung out a yellow flag, it meant there was an epidemic. So whereas, after red, white and blue we have gold, lots of times it's really a yellow euphemism.

There may be other purple people around, too, besides me and Cooke and Lady Elaine from Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood, who went through a purple period. Lady Elaine had a Purple Planet and whatnot. If I remember, she was sort of like Midas, only it was a purple touch. Anyway, there may be a cult. For example, last fall I worked on a series of articles with Ahmad Rashad of the Vikings. The way we got into this was we met one weekend and subsequently he wrote me a letter. It was on purple stationery, a terrific lavender. I sign my name with purple ink, but purple stationery from a foot-

ball player! I thought to myself: Here's a guy you could work with. Also, he was obviously very sure of his masculinity.

Here's an interesting thing about purple: As far as I know it doesn't rhyme with anything. Purple? Schmerpel? Neither does mauve—if you avoid the first pronunciation in Webster's, which has the long "o". If you played charades, and you gave the other team purple or mauve, they wouldn't be able to touch their ear and do a "sounds like." Name one other color capable of getting away with that. I don't even think lavender rhymes with anything, and violet only rhymes, as far as I can tell, with the obscure triole. Plum has rhyming possibilities, especially if you count b-words, like dumb and numb and what have you.

But remember earlier we were talking about flags and, in passing, wedding gowns. Lest I be misunderstood, I want it clear that it's only red, white and blue in uniforms I'm complaining about, not flags. As a matter of fact, I think the worst flags usually come from the Third World, where they go out of their way to avoid all those red, white and blue colonial empire-type flags. As a result, Third World flags feature a lot of hideous orange and pea green, not to mention moons and scimitars and unflag stuff like that. I have nothing against red, white and blue flags whatsoever.

I almost forgot. TCU is another purple team that rarely wins any games. But it wins one now and then, which robs it of distinction. Maybe you know some other purple teams like that. Somebody told me once that Amherst was purple, but I wouldn't believe a thing like that for a minute. I have more in mind Old Dominion. Sometimes I lie awake nights wondering what colors Old Dominion wears. Another thing. I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts that one of those Oregon teams is a purple. Or maybe it's one of the Washingtons. It's one of them, I'm sure.

And I'm positive purple is cyclical, like sun spots and hemis. Purple will be back, and more and more people will have the sense to say enough already of the red, white and blue uniforms.

Sometimes, even now, I seem to sense that the Dodge sweat shirts are going from blue to a purple. Check it out. And the Kansas City Royals' uniforms. Eastern Air Lines is another one taking its blue in that direction, I think. I watch these things.

END



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STATS

by HENRY HECHT

HERE'S THE INFO ON HITTERS WHO GET TOUGH WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH

By now, just about every baseball fan is aware of the game's newest official stat—it's only three years old—the game-winning RBI, the ribbie that puts a team ahead to stay. It means that if you lead off a game with a home run and your team goes on to win 11-10 without surrendering the lead, your first-inning homer is the GW-RBI. Don Baylor, who signed a \$3.675 million contract with the Yankees in December, was the best clutch hitter in baseball last season as a California Angel with 93 RBIs, of which 21 were "gamers." He led the American League and tied the Giants' Jack Clark and the Cardinals' Keith Hernandez for the major league lead in GW-RBIs.

But that's only part of the story. Baylor was the top clutch hitter because of the way those gamers were distributed: 10 of them came after the sixth inning, when throats get dry. Adam's apples start bobbing and batting averages often plummet. No one else hit double figures for the late innings, though the Royals' Amos Otis, who tied for second with the Orioles' Eddie Murray in the American League with 20 gamers, had nine of them after the sixth. A second-year player for the Red Sox, Reid Nichols, was the percentage leader—all six of his GW-RBIs came late in games. Nichols was at once pleased and mildly chagrined when told how heroic he'd been. It seems he'd just signed his 1983 contract and wished he had known that stat beforehand.

Reggie Jackson, stat freak and pressure hitter, has some strong opinions about what makes a man perform in the clutch. "It's an ability to concentrate, and it entails a certain strength of character," says Jackson, a teammate of Baylor's last season. "I really think that strength of character is the most important aspect, and it's something you've got to have, something you can't make or fabricate."

Hernandez certainly proved his character in the last three games of the 1982 World Series, in which he went 7 for 12 and drove in eight runs after going 0 for 15 in the first four, but only three of his

21 gamers in the regular season came after the sixth inning. Clark did better, with eight. All told, 665 of the 1,968 major league gamers, or 33.8%, came in the final third of the game.

Says Jim Palmer, pitcher, pitchman and philosopher, "Mature, confident hitters don't expand their strike zones in late-inning clutch situations. They don't swing at the pitcher's pitch. I think the hitter has the advantage, but I'm not so sure most of the hitters realize that."

But Baylor does. As Palmer says, "He's the last guy you want coming up."

"Sometimes you try so hard you get too tight," says Baylor himself. "If you're not relaxed, you'll hit at a pitcher's pitch and make a foolish out. And there are still times for me when I have to step out of the batter's box and rewind myself."

But when he is rewound and relaxed, this is what happens: "When I'm totally tuned in," Baylor says "it's like I'm looking down a tunnel where there's nothing else but the pitcher. I'm aware of the fans. I can hear the noise, but it doesn't bother me."

Clutch hitting can have a powerful impact on a team's overall performance. The Angels, with Baylor, made it to the American League playoffs. The surprising '82 Giants, who were in the pennant race through Game 161, got a lift not only from Clark but also from Joe Morgan; five of his 10 gamers came after the sixth. The Giants had the highest percentage of late-inning game-winning RBIs (45.1) in the major leagues.

But sometimes a team doesn't need that kind of heroics. The Brewers made it into the Series and led the majors in home runs and runs scored, but they had the lowest percentage (23.0) of late-inning gamers. This was for the best of reasons—seems like they usually led 8-0 after two innings.

And even though a three-run homer in the first inning may sometimes be as important to the outcome of the game as an eighth-inning single, it's those late-game bats with the winning run on second that people remember.

"Some people rise to the situation and some people don't," says San Francisco Manager Frank Robinson, whose own hitting under pressure helped him win MVP awards in both leagues. "Me? I didn't get uptight or panic. There was the challenge."

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CHAMP!
TOM*

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setting -
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mountains and
your leg!
DOC*

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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

BEYOND THE BURFORD CASE AND INTO AN ACID HAZE

Jay D. Hair, executive vice-president of the National Wildlife Federation, last week likened the resignation of Environmental Protection Agency Administrator Anne Burford (below) to "getting rid of a water boy on a bad football team." Intemperate though that may have sounded, Congressmen of both parties and a great many newspaper editorial writers were making much the same point. The coziness with polluters that led to Burford's downfall, they said, was no anomaly but reflected the Administration's approach to environmental issues generally.

That this view of the Administration is accurate is borne out by its handling of another issue that, because it involves a broader spectrum of the government than the toxic-waste program that brought Burford to grief, provides a case study of the Reagan team's overall environmental orientation. This issue is acid rain, which has devastated aquatic life, threatens forests and may pose a health hazard to humans in the northeastern U.S. and Canada. There's a wealth of persuasive evidence that the acid rain plaguing this region is caused mainly by windborne emissions from coal-fired plants in the Midwest and that only swift action can avert irreversible damage.

The Reagan Administration strenuously resists these conclusions. Officially, its position is that not enough is known about acid rain to justify government action, a view also subscribed to by utilities and other industries. But this contention is belied by the fact that the Administration is acting—to undermine the few emission controls that do exist. The EPA has granted delays and exceptions in the enforcement of air-quality standards governing the emission of nitrogen oxides and sulfur dioxides, two of the major components of acid rain, and the President has personally pushed for a bill amending the Clean Air Act of 1970 that would further erode those standards.

The Administration has also undercut and played keepaway with the very research into acid rain it says is still needed. A case in point is a joint Canadian-U.S. project launched in 1980 to study and deal with the situation. That mission has been sabotaged by the repeated failure of U.S. scientists to show up for meetings and Washington's dizzying reshuffling of scientists whenever they appear to be on the verge of reaching politically unpalatable conclusions. One of these scientists, Gary Glass, an aquatic biologist, was abruptly replaced as head of an aquatic-impact assessment work group not by another aquatic specialist but by a erops expert. A similar fate befell Orin Loucks, a Butler Uni-

versity expert in ecosystems analysis, who suggests that the removal of himself and others from work groups was the result of "political intervention" meant to avoid definitive answers. The disruptive tactics have frustrated Canadian officials, one of whom, Raymond M. Robinson, executive chairman of Canada's Federal Environmental Assessment Review Office, complains that Washington has followed an "extremely dangerous" course of seeking "to influence scientific judgments to produce politically or administratively convenient conclusions."

Politics also appears to have played a part in the Administration's reaction to a 1981 report by the National Academy of Sciences that concluded that the acid-rain menace merit-

ed reductions in acidic depositions of up to 50%. James McAvoy, at the time a top Reagan adviser on acid rain, called the report biased, and the White House declined to give the academy, which relies on the federal government for much of its funding, further money for acid-rain research. It also vetoed participation by the academy in what had been expected to be a joint U.S.-Canadian peer review of the findings of the bilateral work groups. The White House decided instead to set up its own peer-review panel.

Given the damage that acid rain is documented to have caused, the thoughts on the subject expressed by some top Administration officials have been insultingly cavalier. In testimony last year before a House subcommittee, then-Deputy EPA Administrator John Hernandez refused to concede that acid rain had gotten progressively worse since the 1950s or

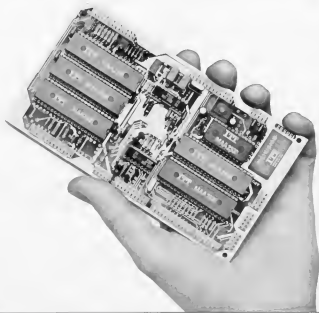
that the phenomenon had contributed to the loss of aquatic life in Northeastern lakes. Hernandez said he felt that in some instances the situation actually may have become "less worse." This from the man who upon Burford's resignation became the EPA's acting administrator. Interior Secretary James Watt has also been heard from on the subject. Asked about acid rain at a dinner in New York in late 1981, Watt, according to a journalist who was there, told of having discussed the subject with a Canadian official, and saying, "When you do something about Canadian blizzards, then this country will do something about acid rain."

Another Administration figure involved in the acid-rain controversy is David Stockman, director of the Office of Management and Budget. In contrast with the Reagan position that not enough is known about acid rain, Stockman appeared to concede in a 1980 speech to the National Association of Manufacturers, before Reagan took office, that

continued



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enough may indeed be known but that action still wasn't called for because of political and economic considerations. Stockman questioned whether it "makes sense to spend billions of dollars controlling emissions from sources in Ohio" to save aquatic life in New England. But an EPA study to determine if it does make sense had its funding slashed by Stockman's OMB last November just as it was nearing completion. Some funding for the study, in which a computer model was being developed to ascertain the cost-effectiveness of utility pollution-control systems, was restored after protests by both Democratic and Republican Congressmen.

The Administration's across-the-board obfuscation and obstructionism on the acid-rain issue casts in a harsh light a remark President Reagan made at a press conference 48 hours after Burford's resignation. Remanded by a reporter that opinion polls had indicated that the American people viewed his environmental policies as being more favorable to polluters than the public, Reagan replied, "That's all they've heard, but no one has given any evidence that that is true." The President's response made one wonder where he has been lately. When the evidence hasn't been leaking from steel drums, it has been literally falling out of the skies.

BETH HEIDEN'S HOT TRICK

The big news at the NCAA skiing championships last week in Bozeman, Mont., was an upset victory in the women's 7.5-km cross-country event by a relative newcomer to the sport, University of Vermont senior Beth Heiden. Yes, that Beth Heiden. Having won the world speed-skating championship in 1979 and the world bicycling championship in 1980, Heiden skied competitively for the first time only after enrolling at Vermont in the fall of 1981. Yet she made it to the top in college skiing in quick and certain fashion, winning the 7.5-km event in 26:16.7, more than six seconds ahead of runner-up Wendy Reeves of Middlebury College.

Heiden says that her successes in cycling and, now, skiing weren't meant to compensate for the disappointment she suffered in skating at the Lake Placid Olympics, where she was favored to win a gold medal in the 3,000-meter event but settled for a bronze medal while older brother Eric was winning five golds. Heiden says she decided to take up cross-country skiing only because it "looked like a fun thing to do." She finished her first season at Vermont with a 15th-place finish in the 7.5-km race at last year's AIAW championships (with the demise of the AIAW, the NCAA now stages a combined women's and men's championship) and improved steadily this season before her big win in Bozeman.

In explaining Heiden's success, Vermont cross-country Coach Perry Bland says, "She has done her homework conditioning-wise, plus she has a real good motor." Although Bland notes that there's "a pretty good crossover" from ice skating to her new sport, Heiden emphasizes the differences. "Learning to transfer weight was a major problem," she says. "In skating we worked on keeping weight on the heels because you get

more power that way. All of a sudden they say to me, 'Hey, weight on the toes. You'll get a better push.' It just didn't sound right. And at first my back got really sore. Everybody thinks skating makes your back strong, but it doesn't, really, because you're in that one position. With skiing, when you double-pole, you're going up and down. Oh, boy, that really killed me."

The 23-year-old Heiden, an honors student in physics, is probably still only a long shot for the 1984 U.S. Olympic ski team. But on the strength of her NCAA victory, she says she may well pursue competitive skiing beyond college as a member of one of the factory teams that compete on the cross-country circuit.

THE USFL'S TATTERED RULEBOOK

Not content with having violated its own rules about holding team payrolls to \$1.6 million and prohibiting the signing of underclassmen and players on NFL rosters, the USFL last week breached its regulations governing jersey numbers. Under the league's standardized numbering system, wide receivers were supposed to wear numbers in the 80s, but two of its biggest stars, the Michigan Panthers' Anthony Carter and the Chicago Blitz' Tru-maine Johnson, wore their college numbers, 1 and 2, respectively, in the opening games two weeks ago. Along with other players who ignored the rules, they were ordered by USFL headquarters to change to accepted numbers. When Carter continued to resist, the USFL backed down and decreed that two players on each team could henceforth be exempt from the league's numbering system.

The USFL is hardly the first league to play loose with its rulebook, of course, and as a new entity struggling to find its way, it may be excused for sometimes practicing expediency over strict con-

structionism. At the same time, the wholesale disregard for its own rules threatens the very credibility—a favorite word in discussions of the new league—that it's trying to build. The USFL can best establish that credibility by settling on rules it can—and will—live with.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Doreatha Cornwell, the star center for the girls' basketball team at Locke High in Los Angeles, has a tricky first name. In the program for last year's regional tournament, it was spelled Doretha, which is also how it's listed in her official high school records. In a press release last month before the start of the city tournament, it was given as Doreatha. In the program for the semifinals, it was Doretha. But after a game two weeks ago between Locke and Kennedy High for the city's 4-A championship, Los Angeles *Daily News* writer Eric Sondheimer put the question of the misspellings in perfect perspective. Doreatha, a 6'3" junior, came up with 17 points, 16 rebounds and nine blocked shots to lead Locke to a 46-44 win, prompting Sondheimer to conclude, "As far as Kennedy was concerned, her first name could have been spelled Kareem."

THEY SAID IT

● The Rev. John Lo Schiavo, president of the University of San Francisco, when asked if Queen Elizabeth had said anything to him when he attended a state dinner for her in San Francisco: "Yes, she leaned over and whispered, 'When are you bringing back basketball?'"

● Bob Plager, St. Louis Blues scout, on the New York Rangers' notably down-right wing, Vaclav Nedomansky: "A bar in Chicago asked him to leave because they wanted to have Happy Hour." **END**

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Garden Party For The

Undeterred by Boston College defenders like



Redmen

Inspired by a familiar setting, St. John's defeated nemesis Boston College for the Big East championship by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Adams (left) and Murphy, Mulen scored 23 points in the Redmen's 85-77 win in the title game and was named the tournament's MVP.





On your marks! In the race to the championship, Russell and the Redmen left Talley and the Eagles back in the blocks.

BIG EAST continued

We ... are ... St. John's. We ... are ... St. John's.

The Redmen's mascot shook his head-dress while sounding his war chant, and the students in the Madison Square Garden seats, responding in kind, wore their faces painted up in horrid graffiti that resembled, somebody said, "New York subway cars." The Redmen's star players, Billy Goodwin and Chris Mullin, Ebony and Ivory themselves, lofted their balloons over the zones, while their craggy little antistar coach, Lou Carnesecca, skidded on his knees and blew kisses to the crowd. What other team could possibly wake up in the city that doesn't sleep and find itself king of the hill, lord of the Garden and on top of the Big East heap? Drums along the Hudson. We ... are ... St. John's!

Anyone on hand for Carnesecca's rambling discourses on such diverse topics as Italian violinists, Portuguese wines and circus logistics—"For chrissake, this is where they bring the elephants," he said one day upon entering the Garden's interview area—not to mention the Redmen's three impressive get-back whippings of folks who had previously beaten them (Pittsburgh, Villanova and Boston College) might well have concluded that the Garden, the tournament and the entire surrounding metropolitan area as well were St. John's.

And why not? The campus sits hard by

the Grand Central Parkway, just beneath the airport flight patterns in charming Queens. Goodwin lives in the Bronx, two blocks from the famous zoo, and Mullin hails from Flatbush, Brooklyn. Little Louie himself grew up over a delicatessen on the West Side of Manhattan. And the team commuted to the Garden every day from a suburban hotel in Glen Cove, Longueyland. That just about covers the waterfront.

Putting as much sincerity as possible into his tiny, street-sly smile, Carnesecca kept insisting that St. John's had no home-court advantage in the Big East tournament. But by the Saturday tournament finale the conference's alleged chalk, Villanova, was gone; the league's most dominant center, Georgetown's Patrick Ewing, was long gone, and only the underrated overachievers from Boston College, who had tied St. John's and Villanova for the regular-season Big East title, were left to challenge the drums and the war paint and the non-home team.

After St. John's won the championship game rather routinely 85-77, with Mullin, a 6' 6" sophomore, and Goodwin, a 6' 5" senior, mixing and matching for 43 points, the Redmen owned 27 victories—a school record—and Carnesecca finally ditched the con.

"It's not just that we won. It's that we won the thing here," he croaked in that Don Corleone rasp of his. He spread his arms to the 19,591 seats that had been sold out for every session. "To win it in this place—ah, that is something very special."

The Redmen themselves were never more special than in the second half of their semifinal game against Villanova on Friday night. Every St. John's starter had missed the basket (seven shots in all) as the Wildcats had taken a 12-0 lead. A few minutes before the end of a half in which Mullin and Goodwin had combined to shoot three for 15 from the floor, they had stood side by side at midcourt exchanging furtive smiles and nonsensical chatter.

"Actually, we were talking fast so that we could avoid looking at the coach," said Goodwin, whose team trailed 39-29 at the half. "You ask yourself can it get any worse and you think, yeah, if we keep playing like this."

But the Redmen didn't. At least after they missed their first three shots to begin the second half, they didn't. Then David Russell, a 6' 7" senior leaper who had gone scoreless in the first 20 minutes, finally connected from the baseline to make the score 39-31. A few minutes later, following Villanova Point Guard Gary McLain's three-point play that gave the Wildcats a 46-39 lead, St. John's struck back for 12 straight points, including three baskets by Mullin. Next the Redmen outscored Villanova 17-12, getting nine straight points from Goodwin. With 5:07 left the Redmen led 68-58, and Mullin, Goodwin and Russell had scored all 29 of St. John's points in the turnaround. By then the game was all but over because the Big East 45-second clock goes off at the five-minute mark and the Redmen are a splendid free-

throw shooting team (77.4%, second in the NCAA going into the conference tournament).

But the game may have been decided much sooner, with 15:07 to go, when Villanova spark plug McLain left with a sprained ankle during the first St. John's rally. With McLain out, Seawant Grainger had to move to the point, where he caused some mindless turnovers, while burly Center John Pinone forced shots, hitting just three of 13 from the floor, and Wildcat all-conference Forward Ed Pinckney became all-invisible—attempting only five shots and sinking only two down the stretch.

Mullin, who uncharacteristically had missed a free throw at the end of a Villanova-St. John's game in Philly last month,

enabling Pinone to bury a game-winning prayer at the buzzer that cost St. John's the Big East regular season title outright, felt vindicated this time. He scored 29 points, 25 in the Redmen's 62-point second half, which Carnesecca summed up as "surgery" or "hands in the pie" or "like Paganini playing with one string—paradise," depending on when a listener caught his monologue.

If all these teams and coaches and players and muscots—would there were time to describe the cuddly, furry, repulsive Syracuse Orange—sound familiar, it may be because the Big Beast, as conference wags are fond of calling their baby, undoubtedly has come wandering down the cable brick road into the confines of your own home this winter.

The fact is, the fervent atmosphere and SRO crowds at the Garden along with the TV exposure and gobs upon gobs of dollars (league officials predict a cool \$1.4 million windfall for the schools and the conference from last week's event) all melded to create a spectacular climax to the conference's four-year pursuit of that beacon of intercollegiate marketing, the ACC. **BIG BEAST BETS APPLE: JUICE FLOWS**, is how *Variety* might have bannered it.

Big East Commissioner Dave Gavitt admittedly used the ACC tournament as a model, and he proudly measured its success in New York. "How about this?" Gavitt said one day, surveying another full house. "First time Frank McGuire [the former coach at North Carolina and now director of intercollegiate athletics for the Garden] has passed up the ACC tournament in 29 years."

Unlike many of college basketball's nouveau riche, those alphabet-soup and hyphenated leagues that are inhabited by institutions of higher learning previously sniffed out only by police dogs, the Big East from the get-go incorporated a bunch of traditional powers sitting there just panting to group-boogie. The result was that after Villanova and Pitt joined the seven charter members, the Big East not only possessed immediate credibility—every conference school except Seton Hall has been to the NCAA tournament at least six times and the Hall has made merely nine visits to the NIT—but enormous clout, too.

The Big East now rears its massive head in five of the top 12 national TV markets and can claim an audience estimated at 30% of the nation's TV homes. This season 69 of the 72 Big East regular-season games were televised somewhere in America, usually four nights a week and on Saturday afternoons for the kiddies as well. And you thought Richard Simmons was impossible to escape.

But, then, no true hoop aficionado would want to miss the Big East show. In its first three years seven of the conference's current teams appeared in post-season play, and everyone recalls how Georgetown, Villanova and Boston College stayed alive a year ago into the NCAA final eight and how the Hoyas

continued

Adams didn't lie down on the job against Syracuse. He rose up to pour in 25 points.



came within an errant pass of winning the whole shebang.

Last Sunday the NCAA selection committee confirmed the league's high standing by naming five Big East teams—the only conference besides the Big Ten so honored—to the 1983 tournament field. Those five—St. John's (seeded No. 1 in the East), BC (No. 4 in the West), Villanova (No. 3 in the Midwest), Georgetown (No. 5 in the Midwest) and Syracuse (No. 6 in the East)—have won a total of 114 games.

The sagacious Gavitt had previewed this postseason carnival out of town for three years—Providence, Syracuse and Hartford were the off-Broadway warmup spots—before selling it for three more to the Garden. Each conference school received an equal allotment of tickets to sell, Amtrak operated what amounted to a Big East Express from Boston, Providence, New Haven, Washington and Philadelphia right into Penn Station, which is conveniently located in the bowels of the Garden, and all four of the main seasons were practically sold out months ago. The Big East's only bomb was an ill-fated Wednesday night game (free with the rest of the package) between eighth-place Providence and

ninth-place Seton Hall, which, competing against the Nets and Knicks in New Jersey, Bette Midler at Radio City and other enticements, drew roughly 5,500 friends and relatives. The Pirates got the tournament off to a rary start by upsetting the Friars 73-64 and then taking a shocking 10-point halftime lead against Boston College before losing 79-56.

Fratricide was the game the Big East played in the regular season, four of the top five teams pitching shutouts against at least one of the other top five. St. John's twice beat Georgetown, which twice beat Syracuse, which twice beat BC, which twice beat St. John's. Villanova split with all of the above, and then barely survived lowly Connecticut in the Garden, winning 69-68 only after Wildcat Coach Rollie Massimino finally figured out how to handle the Huskies' three-midget backcourt of 6'1" Earl Kelley, 5'11" Vern Givcombe and 5'8" Karl Hobbs. "What is this, a casting call for the Gary Coleman story?" asked the New York Daily News.



Pinekey made himself visible against UConn

An Orange crush on Ewing helped Syracuse beat Georgetown 79-72 in the quarterfinals.



Meanwhile, Syracuse avenged its two losses to Georgetown, after which Boston College avenged its two defeats to Syracuse, after which BC Coach Gary Williams, recalling his team's two victories over St. John's, said, "It doesn't look good for us in the final."

The tournament's first surprise was that Coach John Thompson's usually reclusive Hoyas stayed a few blocks from the Garden rather than in downtown Conway, N.H. Surprise No. 2 was the popularity of the Ewing look. Syracuse freshman Wendell Alexis out-Ewinged Ewing by wearing a T shirt under his uniform that was even dingier than Pat's old gray mare, and Connecticut's Kelley featured a snappy "T" himself. Available at fine menswear outlets, downtown and on the mall.

Thompson was disappointed that his team, which had limited Syracuse seniors Leo Rautins and Erich Santner to three baskets in an 80-75 regular-season victory three nights earlier, allowed the pair 13 this time. It was also disconcerting

that Ewing seemed vaguely distracted and didn't score until 8:48 into the game, by which time Syracuse was well on its way to a 79-72 upset. While another Orange freshman, a future monster named Rafael Addison, was scoring 17 important points, a Hoya freshman named David Dunn, a former high school football player from Georgia, was casting a couple of implausible mortars during clutch time, guaranteeing Georgetown would finish, well, un-Dunn.

"I knew I'd get caught in a hornet's nest up here," Thompson said. Uh, oh. Next year's Big East lodgings: Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Syracuse was less than a clockwork Orange in the semis against BC; the Orangemen were unable to sustain a quick pace mainly because the Eagles refused to press, as is their wont. Syracuse had abused Boston College by 20 and 17 points during the regular season, but this time Williams ordered patience. So BC fell back on defense and engaged Syracuse in a half-court duel in which Guard Michael Adams and Forward Jay Murphy combined for 48 points, and the Eagles won 80-74.

And so once again the scarlet-lettered BC, the enigma of the litter, the basketball team from the hockey school, had snuck up on another opponent. This is much the same team that came within seven points of the 1982 Final Four; it's minus John Bagley but has more balance, depth and versatility. Do not be stunned if the Eagles cause a major commotion in the big show again this year.

Still, they usually get no high ranking and nobody knows them—for some very good reasons. Center John Garriss, he of the ferocious offensive rebounds, was as deserving of being Big East regular-season MVP as Mullin, who won it along with the tournament honors, but Garriss was a total bust at Michigan before transferring, and he didn't start a game last season. Murphy is 6'11" of skin and bone, and shoots from so far outside he might as well be at Dartmouth; his counterpart in the other corner is Martin Clark from the legendary mean streets of Folkestone, England. Then there is the exciting Adams, barely 5'9", who is quicksilver between the foul lines but whose ugly shotput J, erratic ball handling and hangdown trunks combine the worst of George McGinnis, J.C. Watts and Joe Frazier. But let's hear it for the

Eagles, 24-6 as the NCAA tournament began, whose lightning-quick press had caused 44 turnovers in their two previous wins over media darling St. John's.

That pattern quickly changed in the Big East finals because Carmesecca switched defensive assignments, ordering Russell to guard Murphy outside and the rest of the Redmen squad to fill the key, prohibiting Adams access to the passing seams. "We didn't want another rat race," Carmesecca said.

Murphy, who had previously scored 49 points against St. John's, sank only six of 15 shots. Adams, the cousin of the rising welterweight fighter Marlon Starling and a former boxer himself, was TKO'd along about the fifth round. "One for 13," Adams said after staring at the stat sheet. "I was like a ghost out there."

What St. John's did against the BC press was break it with long passes. The Redmen led 40-37 at the half and stretched the margin to eight points (53-45) with 12:48 left. What the Redmen did against Adams' offense was, as Goodwin later explained, "All head for the paint and spread out. If he wanted to penetrate, we were there, waiting."

Were it not for a courageous inside performance by Garriss—32 points, 10 rebounds—Boston College would have been embarrassed. As it was, the Eagles bravely hung in close—at 61-57 and 63-59, when Garriss made two free throws and a layup. But St. John's was shooting 68.3% from the field, and Russell (19 points on the day) was throwing down some dazzling slams off the transition game.

When BC reserve Terrence Talley missed a leaver in the lane and Garriss fanned an off-balance tip rebound that would have made it a two-point game, Goodwin broke loose with the ball and passed to Mullin, who was hacked. The clock was off, and now it was a foul-shooting contest. Mullin made both of his, 65-59—over and out.

"It's a reward to play in the Garden," Mullin said. "There's a special excite-

ment," said Goodwin. Then, an admission: "We are used to playing in this gym." Gym?

"Dear God, this was important for us," Carmesecca was saying. And saying, "That we not blow it here. Not important for world conditions, you understand, but in our little world, yes. Sweet. So



For Loose the Garden was no picnic until the end.

sweet. Now in the NCAA's we may be a raving fiasco. You got to check the moon, the stars, the time of the month. All the other guys got bullets, too. But this week we walked with kings. Joe Lapchick used to say that. That reminds me. . . . Say, you guys get paid piecemeal for all of these interviews? Jeez, there's a lot of questions."

But by now the questions have long since ceased. All those of good cheer should hope that the little laughmaker with the best and most interesting St. John's team of all doesn't stop with the answers until Albuquerque. He . . . is. St. John's.

END

Invaders Of The Raiders' Space

Oakland's USFL entry got a rousing welcome from 47,344 jilted NFL fans

by RALPH WILEY

The score is tied 14-14, the clock reads 1:34 and the crowd of 47,344 at the Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum is cheering Tight End Raymond Chester. Chester has made a splendid catch, coming back to the ball and breaking an arm tackle, and now is in the open field, sailing the sideline chalk all the way to the visitors' 24-yard line. The play is good for 44 yards, and bedlam. Raiders? No. Space Invaders.

"It's the same old House of Thrills all right," said Fred Besana, quarterback of the USFL Oakland Invaders, using a nickname for the Coliseum made popular by the NFL Raiders' frequent miracle finishes, "but we came up a little short." Oakland lost 20-14 in the USFL's first overtime to the Birmingham Stallions last Sunday, but the fans seemed to love the show, nevertheless.

The Raiders' space has been invaded by a team trying to catch the rejected on the rebound, but the Raiders' place in the hearts of the Oakland fans and city fathers, not to mention on the docket of California courts, is secure.

In Oakland the torch is still carried high despite the fact that the Raiders

sued the NFL, last year won the right to ditch the Bay Area in favor of Los Angeles. The results of that suit's damages phase, which began last Monday in L.A., of the NFL's appeal of the original verdict: and of Oakland's suit to retain the Raiders via the right of eminent domain, which is scheduled to be tried beginning May 16, will be greeted with joy or sorrow, but not indifference. We're talking true love here, but that apparently doesn't mean the city won't take its football however and whenever it can get it.

"Now we have something to go between the Raiders, when we get them back, and the A's," said Oakland Mayor Lionel J. Wilson. "The Raiders think the Invaders will help keep them in Los Angeles. We think otherwise."

Competition from USFL teams has not been welcomed by NFL teams in some cities. The Tampa Bay Buccaneers, for instance, gave their statistical crew an us-or-them ultimatum when it asked if it could work for the Bandits. But the emergence of the USFL in Oakland was not deemed by Raider Managing General Partner Al Davis, who no doubt views the Invaders as an argument against his former city's claim that it was left high and dry—and without stadium revenue—by his departure. He even paried amicably with Ticket Manager George Glace when Glace chose to return to the Bay Area.

"By the time I came back here in November, the Invaders had sold 25,000 season tickets," says Glace. The Invaders say the Raiders wouldn't relinquish their Oakland season-ticket list, but Glace, a Raider fixture for 20 years, may have known it by heart. More than 50,000 tickets were sold for the Birmingham game, the home opener; all 53,482 might have gone had it not been for ominous weather forecasts on what turned out to be a rapturously sunny day.

Final days in the sun are what the Invaders represent for their coach and general manager, John Walton, 55, and veteran ex-Raiders Chester, Defensive End Cedrick Hardman and Running Back Arthur Whittington. The players, had seen their NFL value peter out, but they are among the best in the USFL. "No speed, no speed at all," said Raider Cornerback Lester Hayes, an interested spectator last Sunday, critiquing the play. But what about the size of the crowd, Lester? "Oh my, yes, just look at them."

The Raiders still maintain a small office in Oakland, in the same building they used to occupy in its entirety, across the Nimitz Freeway from the Coliseum complex. Most of the space in that building is now leased by the Invaders. Last Friday, two sheets of notebook paper were taped in a window there, with arrows pointing to INVADERS TICKET OFFICE and INVADERS GENERAL OFFICE.





Real estate investment manager Tad Taube was recruited as the Invaders' owner through the efforts of Ralston, who was the USFL's only salaried employee two years ago. "I worked on everything from getting charter flights to jockstraps," says Ralston. After nine years as coach at Stanford, he had guided the Denver Broncos from 1972 until 1977 and worked in the 49er front office in '79 and '80. Then he found himself out of football. "Every morning I pinch myself," he says of his new job. "I knew I'd never get back into the NFL. I found half the owners in this league. Now we have 53 ownership applicants."

It was Taube who chose the name Invaders, certainly reminiscent of the previous Coliseum tenants. Says Ralston, "We were trying to fill a void here. We recognized we had to earn the respect of the Oakland fans." He signed many players released in the NFL's final cutdown last Sept. 6 and veterans like the former Raiders and linebackers Frank Manumaleuga (Kansas City) and Dewey McClain (Atlanta). "I was in the NFL; I know what happens," Ralston says. "The dif-

ference between those players cut and those kept is just that the latter can help on special teams."

"We want to expose the teams that want to make this look like a bush league," said Chester last week. "The ones who turned their back on guys with NFL experience."

The Invaders also made a 64-year, \$6.4 million offer to Stanford Quarterback John Elway—and that was base pay, \$100,000 a year through 2046 being the least Elway could make. Elway said no. But he adds, "I haven't counted the USFL out yet."

Being eclipsed for a time by the Elway business wasn't anything new for Besana. He had caddied for Steve Bartkowski and the late Joe Roth at the University of California—he started all of four games in college—and had been let go in consecutive years by the NFL's Buffalo Bills and New York Giants. For the last three years Besana had played for the champion Twin Cities (Marysville and Yuba

City) Cougars of the California Football League. Says Chester, "Besana's better than 70 percent of NFL quarterbacks right now."

It was a major league throw by Besana, a sideline loop over Birmingham Cornerback Emmanuel Thompson to Wide Receiver Wyatt Henderson for a 22-yard touchdown, that tied the game Sunday at 14. Then Besana found Chester for that moment of *déjà vu*. But Oakland's hope for a fairy-tale finish ended when Place-kicker Kevin Shea woefully missed a field-goal try from 27 yards with five seconds left. Then came OT. After the Invaders punted on their first possession, the Stallions played Raiders as backup Quarterback Bob Lane threw on third-and-one from the Oakland 26 and hit Running Back Earl Gant on a pass to the ote. On the next play Lane sneaked in for the winning touchdown.

Nobody was expecting perfection, of course. "It was good. I'm just glad to have some football to see," said Raider Offensive Tackle Henry Lawrence, who was also in the stands. A new league, some old fans; a new team, some old principals. It may not be the NFL, but at least they have each other. **END**



Chester is one of the former Raiders who have come back to Oakland with the USFL.



They've Put The U.S. On Top Of The World

In the most triumphant week ski-racing America has ever known, Phil Mahre and Tamara McKinney took charge of the World Cup

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON



Until last week, a lot of people saw this as the ski-racing season that wasn't. It had been marred by months of thick weather and thin snow in Europe, of delays that led to a rash of cancellations that led to a series of long, grim layovers in cramped hotel rooms that led to long, grim drives over bleak Alpine roads. In all the dismal crisscrossing of the European continent since the season began in December, no one, man or woman, had been able to sustain any momentum. No one was able to take charge. Nothing jelled. The usually dazzling white circus of World Cup racing had turned a telltale gray—unfocused, unresolved, uninspiring and, most of all, un-fun.

But then in a few short days, from March 5 to March 12, the whole glum mess took on shape, size, light and substance. In a series of eight races in eight days, all held in the manifestly non-Euro-

pean environs of Colorado, New Hampshire, Quebec and Alberta, the World Cup suddenly became galvanized and—amazingly enough—almost totally North Americanized.

The upswing began at Moët Tremblant in Quebec on Saturday, March 5, when Laurie Graham of Canada won a women's downhill in dismal weather. It proceeded apace in Aspen on the following day, when another Canadian, a magnificently muscled redhead named Todd Brooker, swept to victory down the beautifully prepared course on Ajax Mountain. But that was only a hint of the New World splendor that was to come. For over the next six days, in a spree unprecedented in history, three U.S. stars—Phil Mahre, 25, of Yakima, Wash., Tamara McKinney, 20, of Lexington, Ky. and Cindy Nelson, 27, of Luven, Minn.—sped to five victories, two seconds and a third in six races.

By the time the powder had settled, two spectacular things had happened in

U.S. skiing: 1) Mahre had won two races and wrapped up his third consecutive overall World Cup title, soundly defeating the Swedish superstar Ingemar Stenmark. By winning title No. 3 Mahre tied Italy's Gustavo Thoeni and Stenmark for most consecutive Cups. 2) McKinney, the ballistic speed demon who won three races last week and seems to be on the brink of becoming the best female American ski racer ever, had all but clinched the overall World Cup for women. She had pulled ahead of last year's champion, the hard-skier Erika Hess, 21, of Switzerland, and only a double victory by Hess in the season's last two races this weekend in Japan, combined with an abysmal performance by McKinney in both races, could deny McKinney the Cup. McKinney also sewed up the season's giant slalom title in New Hampshire, but other Americans (including McKinney herself in 1981) had done that before. A victory over Hess for the overall championship would be historic, be-

continued

Mahre (left) and McKinney were skiing in peak form as they each won an important World Cup giant slalom event in Vail.



cause no American woman skier has ever won the World Cup.

Beaming with relief and pleasure, McKinney spoke for everyone on the U.S. Ski Team at the end of her wild and triumphant week, saying, "Well, it's almost spring, and I guess we all sort of got a second wind."

True enough, and no one needed a rebirth more than the ski team. It had produced a sterling season last year. At the 1982 World Championships at Schladming, Austria, Phil Mahre's twin, Steve, had won the giant slalom and thus collected the U.S.'s first gold medal in a world championship men's ski race—ever. McKinney had been slowed by a hand injury at Schladming but Christen Cooper, 23, had gotten three medals by herself, and Nelson had won one, too. The U.S. women had then gone on to earn the 1982 Nation's Cup, emblematic of the best team in the world. And Phil was almost supernatural in winning his second World Cup. He made it such a runaway that he clinched the title before the end of January.

This year things were not so easy. Bill Marolt, director of the U.S. Alpine program, said, "The whole team let down after last year. Besides that, everyone was out to beat us. We were no longer those nice kids from the U.S. We were the ones on top, and everyone was shooting at us. Plus, everyone had had snow, in the summer and autumn training, so even though

the quality was there, ~~on the whole~~ consistency wasn't. Even Stenmark failed to finish several races—something he never does."

The Mahres were among the skiers who had gone cold, and at the end of December neither was in serious contention for any titles. In January and early February, Steve picked up two slalom victories, but he had severely strained the rotator cuff in his left shoulder when he fell during an exhibition night slalom in Switzerland. It was an agonizing injury, and he aggravated it every time he slapped against a slalom pole. It got to be so painful that after crossing the finish line in one race, he sagged and nearly fainted on the spot. And Steve's giant slalom performances were so dismal that, depending on his showing in Japan, he may be dropped from the first seed of 15.

Meanwhile Phil's record in Europe was just good enough that he managed to stay at or close to the top in the overall World Cup standings. He picked up a few first-five finishes in slaloms and giant slaloms and gained a surprising number of points in the downhill. Phil amazingly produced eight top-20 finishes in downhills, even though he rarely has had time to train for this fiercely fast and intensely specialized discipline. His difficulties were multiplied because the Federation Internationale de Ski, the governing body of the sport, had introduced a strange new race known as the super



giant slalom—crosses between a downhill and a G.S. Angered by the very concept of this last hybrid event, Phil refused to enter any of the three scheduled, thus reducing his World Cup point-scoring potential.

The Mahre twins are nothing if not relentlessly and relentlessly—candid. What they think, they say. At press conference after press conference they made no bones about their disenchantment with ski racing. Not long ago Steve summed up the season this way: "The negatives seemed to have a way of overpowering the positives. We both believe that there is a lot more to life than ski racing." Phil said flatly the night before racing began in Aspen: "This is the worst year I've had. None of it means as much to me as it has in the past. I've had trouble holding my mind so that I can concentrate on two runs in a row."

One thing the twins did in an attempt to improve their morale was to transport their wives and babies from the States to the often grim and gritty chaos of the European circuit. During January and much of February this troupe—Steve and his wife Debbie, 21, and daughter Ginger, 15 months, and Phil and his wife Holly, 20, and their 5-month-old daughter Lindsay—did the Cup tour together. The families lived in tiny hotel rooms littered with ski jackets, diapers, booties,



McKinney could afford to be generous with the bubbly after virtually clinching the Cup.



Hess (above) arrived in the U.S. a leader but left an apparent loser. Stenmark had an uphill struggle because he won't ski the downhill.



ski boots, long johns, pacifiers and playpens. The twins would go off in the morning to train on the slopes, like commuters catching the 6:59 to the office. At every race, mothers and babies would appear promptly at the finish line before the start, watch (or sleep) through the competition and then return to their home-for-the-night. The transient life seemed to agree with everyone involved, including the children. Tom Kelly, the U.S. men's slalom and giant slalom

coach, said, "At first we weren't sure if it would work, but they are such great people—including the babies—that it actually added a lot to everyone's life on the tour."

But other observers took a decidedly less upbeat view of such family travel. Patrick Lang, a leading Swiss ski-racing journalist and son of Serge Lang, godfather of the World Cup, said, "Even if their wives and kids made the Mahres

happy, I think it might have confused them. And something more: Before this, the brothers had each other around all the time, always together and always getting whatever it is that twins give each other. With their families there, this was missing, and it might have hurt them both."

Whichever the pros or cons of family life on the circuit, Phil at least was able to turn his mediocre season around once he got to the United States. It was a critical juncture, because he was leading Stenmark by a mere 21 points when the races in Aspen—a downhill and a giant slalom—began last week. Under the byzantine scoring system used in the World Cup, there was a grand variety of ways in which Phil could win—or lose—the big prize.

One of the equations included the seemingly insane idea that Phil might actually win the downhill in Aspen on March 6. Actually, it was not as crazy as it appeared because he has improved his downhill technique—and his desire to

continued



Though her winning might have cost McKinnley the title, Nelson tried her best at Vail.

win one such race—to such an extent that he now stands among the dozen or so best downhillers in the world. “I guess the only major challenge left for me in ski racing is to win a downhill,” he said. “It’s something I’ve never done and I’d really like it.” As it happened, Phil did very well at Aspen, finishing ninth, and he might have placed even higher if he hadn’t slipped wide on a turn halfway down the course.

It was the Aspen giant slalom on Monday, March 7, that set the stage for Phil’s final triumph. This was something of a surprise, given his rather gloomy state of mind and the fact that he hadn’t won a race all season. Stenmark had been closing fast on Mahre, chalking up three victories in the last six races, and after the first run at Aspen, he was in second place, a hairsbreadth .13 of a second behind Mahre. This, history has shown, is

onship won in this snake-bitten racing season as one could hope for.

The next day, on another giant slalom course at Vail, Mahre seemed fully energized, and he spun off two powerful, nonsense runs that blew Stenmark right off the hill. This time the crowd, no longer in any doubt as to who the Cup champ was, howled and hooted in celebration of Mahre’s victory, and his mother sneaked into the finish area to give him a big hug.

Meanwhile cause for cheering was developing in another part of the country. In Waterville Valley, N.H., the women’s half of the World Cup troupe had arrived in dense and drizzling weather to hold a series of three races, a slalom and two giant slaloms. As this chill, moist competition was about to start, there was no good reason for optimism among the Americans. Earlier in the season McKinney had won three races and had held a small lead over the usually indomitable Hess and the relentless veteran Hanni Wenzel of Liechtenstein, but after that brief moment of glory McKinney had fallen behind. On Jan. 28 her U.S. co-star and friend, Cooper, had broken her left leg in a fall and had been lost to the team for the rest of the season.

Now the pressure on McKinney became particularly intense, because she was the only American remaining in the top

seed of both the slalom and giant slalom. She plunged into a terrible tussle, failing to finish three consecutive races following Cooper’s injury. Eventually, she grew tired of being asked about the possible connection between her rash of bad performances and Cooper’s absence, though she did say, “Yes, I think that Christm and I helped each other. When I would go down and have a good run, she would gain confidence because she knew she could do the same. It worked the other way around with me—if she could do it, so could I. Maybe I put too much pressure on myself with Christin gone. But that doesn’t mean I can’t win when she isn’t here.”

Maybe so, but having skied off the course in a giant slalom on Mont Trem-



Brooker, Canada's red-hot redhead, burned up the Aspen course to win his second Cup downhill.

The marvelous young Brooker, a hard-charging racer in the Kamikaze Canadian mold who skis every race with much the same dash and daring that Franz Klammer brought to his famed 1976 Olympic run at Innsbruck, managed somehow to stay upright and finish first in the Aspen downhill. The aging (28) Klammer, who came to Colorado leading in downhill points for the season, wound up 13th and seemed to fall out of the running for the title. However, six days later, at Lake Louise in Alberta, the Kaiser, as he used to be known in Austria, managed to produce a dramatic second-place finish behind teammate Helmut Hoeltzner to clinch the season's downhill championship—a tribute to the wisdom and tranquillity of old age, even in ski racers.

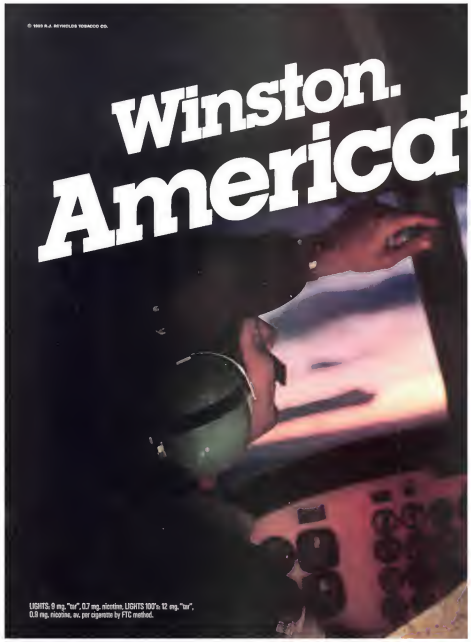
the position Stenmark likes best. But on this day, for some reason, Stenmark fell short on his second run, finishing .47 of a second behind as Mahre finished first in the run—and the race.

As usual, given the arcane arithmetic of World Cup scoring, no one was absolutely sure what all this meant. Had Mahre won the Cup or not? It turned out that he had—unless Stenmark were able to finish first in the Lake Louise downhill. But since Stenmark never skis downhills, Mahre had indeed won his Cup. This good news was met with an almost eerie lack of celebration. Mahre and Stenmark shook hands, Phil's wife smiled, and his daughter woke up briefly and blinked dazedly. And that was it—perhaps as fitting a reaction to a champi-

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FORD DIVISION

blunt on March 6, McKinney might well have resigned herself to a lackluster effort on the soggy slopes of Waterville Valley. This she obviously didn't do. In the first race, a slalom, she finished second to Roswitha Steiner of Austria, while Hess, who normally skis with the consistency of a Swiss watch, celebrated her 21st birthday by taking a most uncharacteristic fall just three gates into the second run. The 20 points McKinney earned for the race boosted her back into the World Cup lead with 182 points, seven ahead of Hess, eight ahead of Wenzel.

The next day, with sleet and ice underfoot, McKinney clattered down a GS course that had the consistency of ice-cube cobblestones and finished first—but only after a heart-stopping foul-up when the automatic clocks failed to work. Both McKinney and Hess had to wait until an assortment of hand-operated watches could be read and correlated. Now momentum was building, boosting McKinney upward.

On Thursday, a day of rain at Waterville Valley, McKinney breezed down the GS course, finishing first again, gaining 10 more points in the overall standings and now leading Hess by a solid—but not certain—17 points. Wenzel, who finished 18th that day, was all but out of the running. And between the weather and McKinney's relentless onslaught, even Hess was reeling. "With such rain and bad weather, I suddenly get sick of it all, and now I'm beginning to think about it," Hess said. "I have not the feeling I had last year when I felt I would win. I really can't quite find that feeling. I'm afraid."

Hess couldn't quite find the feeling two days later in Vail, either, though she came close. It was another giant slalom and, yes, another U.S. triumph. In the first run Nelson put together a wonderful, slashing attack on the course—"My best race since 1976," she declared afterward—and led by a mere .01 of a second. Right behind her was McKinney, and in third stood



Conditions at Waterville Valley were so bad that officials formed ranks to break the ice.

Hess. So now the battle was joined. To gain any points under the World Cup scoring system, McKinney had to finish first. Nothing less would do. Nelson has been skiing better this season than she has in years—she had a victory in a super giant slalom and a third in a giant slalom before she got to Vail; now she stands fifth in the overall World Cup race. After the race, when asked if she had entertained the thought of throwing the victory to teammate McKinney to help her

charge toward the overall title, Nelson spoke in firm tones, saying, "I certainly did not. I haven't won a giant slalom in many, many years. I tried as hard as I could."

Indeed she did. But McKinney had gotten a second wind that no one could match. She flashed down that second run a full .63 faster than Nelson and a stunning 1.23 quicker than Hess. That order stood for the overall result. McKinney, Nelson, Hess. Had Hess finished fourth or worse, McKinney would clearly have won the World Cup then and there. Even given Hess's third, for a time it appeared that McKinney had clinched. But, no one was quite sure—a remarkably common situation in this sport.

As the three medal winners assembled on the victory stand to accept flowers, trophies, champagne and blessings from former President Gerald Ford, word seeped through the crowd that McKinney had wrapped up the championship. Soon an announcement to that effect was made over the P.A. system. But shortly afterward there were second thoughts, second guesses and assorted harrumphings by the Major Hoopoes of the sport, and then, belatedly and lamely, came word that the McKinney-Hess race for the World Cup would be strung out for another week.

Ah, but that was a small matter. It had been the best week of American ski racing ever, and one that may have presaged gold for the U.S. on the Olympic slopes of Sarajevo next year.



Mahre's cheering section included wife Holly, daughter Lindsay.

Promising rookies and fast friends, Ron Kittle (left) and Greg Walker could be

A Pair Of Young



At this time of year a major league baseball team counts itself among the blessed if it has one fuzzy-checked rookie worthy of serious consideration. The 1983 Chicago White Sox are doubly blessed, because down among the Sarasota, Fla. palms they not only have Ron Kittle, last season's Minor League Player of the Year while performing for the Edmonton Trappers, but also Greg Walker, another exceptional prospect who just happens to be Kittle's closest friend. When the White Sox really get to dreaming about what Kittle and Walker might do for them, they harken back to 1975, when a couple of kids named Jim Rice and Fred Lynn checked in with Boston and led the Red Sox to an American League pennant.

The closeness between Kittle and Walker appears to bear out the adage that opposites attract. Kittle is a 25-year-old leftfielder; Walker is a 23-year-old first baseman. Kittle bats right, Walker bats left. They both have considerable size—Kittle is 6' 4" and 200 pounds, Walker 6' 3" and 205—but Kittle is bespectacled and his buddy isn't. Kittle is outgoing, Walker is shy.

"We roomed together for three years in the minors, and Greg was always telling me to turn down the air conditioner so we could suffocate," says Kittle.

Kittle is factory, Walker is farm. Kittle's area code back home in Gary, Ind. is 219; Walker's area code in Douglas, Ga. is 912. Walker married his high school sweetheart, Carman Kirkland, and has a 3-year-old daughter named Kaycee (Imagine him with the Kansas City Royals.) Kittle, a resolute bachelor, frequently baby-sits for the Walkers.

Forget about the phony male bonding in those beer commercials; this is a real friendship. Move over, Huck and Tom. Take a hike, Butch and Sundance. Make way, Belushi and Aykroyd.

As different as their personalities may be, Walker and Kittle have much in common professionally. Kittle was Double A

big hitters in the major leagues—though they may not stick with Chicago

Sox With Sock

by JIM KAPLAN

and then Triple A Player of the Year the past two seasons. At Double A Glens Falls, N.Y., in 1981 he batted .324, with 40 homers and 102 RBIs in 109 games. At Triple A Edmonton last year he hit .345 and led the Pacific Coast League with 50 homers and 144 RBIs in 127 games.

Two years ago Walker hit .321 at Glens Falls, with a league-leading 117 runs, plus 22 homers and 86 RBIs. He missed most of the '82 season because of a broken left wrist, but in a September trial with the White Sox, he batted .412 and had a slugging percentage of 1.000.

Both are reclamation projects: Kittle was cut by the Dodger organization; Walker was drafted by the White Sox from the Phillies. Both are also average fielders and runners, but excellent hitters and hard-nosed competitors who play even when it hurts. Walker's left wrist still aches; Kittle wears a thick batting glove because of painful bone chips in his thumb.

Either has the potential to fill the large hole left by Steve Kemp, the power-hitting Sox leftfielder—19 homers and 98 RBIs last year—who became a free agent and signed with the Yankees. But there's an ironic twist to all of this. Even though Kittle and Walker don't play the same position, they may actually be competing against each other for a starting job. If Kittle becomes a regular in left, Tom Paciorek, who hit .312 as a first baseman last season, will probably stay in the infield. Sorry, Greg. But if Walker starts at first, the versatile Paciorek will probably be in left. Tough luck, Ron. "The competition's good for all of us," says the graying Paciorek, ever the diplomat.

The odds are overwhelming that at least one of the rookies will make it. But which one? Kittle has devastated minor league pitching, and Walker has the left-handed bat the Sox sorely need. Kittle and Walker refuse to think in terms of personal competition; they just want to have the kind of spring that will make Chicago Manager Tony LaRussa's deci-

continued





Walker puts a tag on another notable prospect, Cincinnati Leftfielder Gary Redus.

ROOKIES continued

sion even more difficult than it already is.

In the Sox' Grapefruit League opener against Detroit, Kittle singled sharply off Dave Tobik, who is considered the Tigers' leading reliever, to drive in the game's only run. "I just tried to stare him down and swing the bat," Kittle explained later.

Facing Kansas City's Vida Blue the next day, he hit a scaring line drive that Third Baseman George Brett speared near the line. "When a guy comes up there with a 'Come on, let's go' attitude, you've got to worry," said Blue. "He stared and I stared back. That Kittle looks like he's grinding sawdust out of the bat." Kittle also hit a 390-foot fly against the wind. His was an 0-for-4 day, but a memorable one. More memorable was his performance last Friday, when he hit two home runs against the Mets. Walker had already hit his first homer of the spring against Cincinnati the day before.

Many a Bunyanesque slugger has come out of the Pacific Coast League, only to fail in the majors. Kittle is the first minor-leaguer in a quarter century to put together a 50-homer, 140-RBI season. The last, alas, was the late Steve Bulko, who had 56 homers and 140 runs batted in with the 1957 Los Angeles Angels but was a big league bust. But Kittle's swing is closer to that of another Pacific Coast

League legend, the Phillies' mighty Mike Schmidt.

Still, Kittle could be more selective at the plate. "I swing at everything," he says, only partly in jest. "That way they don't know how to pitch to me." But he doesn't swing from the heels, does hit to

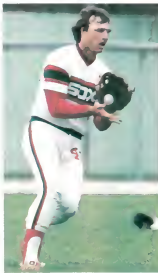
all fields and uses a bat with a knobless handle to discipline himself. "If I had a knob at the end I'd be able to grip it tighter and I'd overswing," he explains. Charley Lau, the Sox' esteemed batting coach, prefers to leave Kittle alone. "He'll hit a whole bunch of homers," says Lau.

When Walker raps out a line drive, he takes his left hand off the bat on the follow-through, it's his own pull-prevention medicine. "A double to left center is as good as a double to right center," he says with admirable logic. Taking his stance, Walker leans on his back foot and barely toes the ground with his right, like a ballet dancer in the *tendu* position. He shifts his weight to make contact and follows through with a pronounced forward lean. Lau would no more mess with Walker's pure swing than fool around with George Brett's—which Lau himself designed. "Walker will hit .300 with better-than-average power in the major leagues," says Lau.

There's a lively debate in the Sox organization as to which prospect is further along. "Kittle can be pitched to, but

Walker could fall out of bed and hit," says one White Sox coach. Others feel Kittle's full year in Triple A gives him the edge.

Of course, as with all rookies, there's also the possibility that neither Kittle nor Walker will go north with the big club. As the situation stands now, if he doesn't start, Kittle will probably be the fourth outfielder. But the White Sox, desperate for a third baseman, have been talking to the Rangers about trading Kittle and some pitchers for veteran Buddy Bell. Chicago wouldn't relish losing a popular kid from a nearby town—Bill Glendon, editor of Chicago Sports magazine, has already threatened to lead a fan boycott if that should happen. But if the Sox land Bell, they might thereby gain enough hitting to justify using slick-fielding Mike Squires at first base for his defense. Thus such a trade could also send Walk-



Kittle isn't an outstanding fielder, but then neither was his predecessor in left, Kemp.

continued

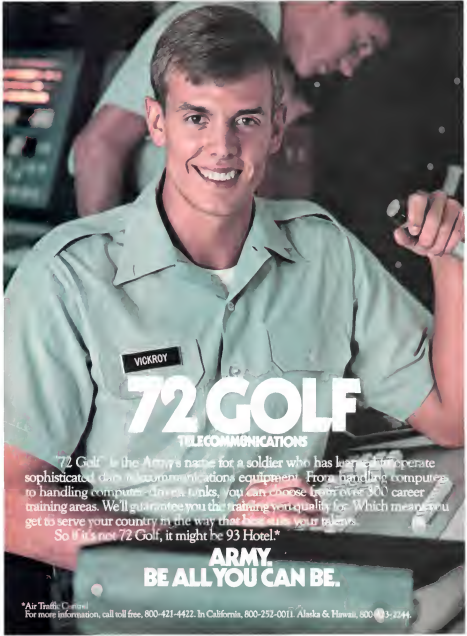


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er packing—back to the minors—because if he isn't a starter in Chicago, the Sox want him to be playing regularly elsewhere. "I'd hesitate to sit him on the bench; that would be a waste," says LaRussa, who then hints that he'd recall Walker as the earliest possible opportunity. "I ain't going to quit or anything," says Walker. "If I'm sent down, I'll just do my best to get back up here as soon as possible."

Kittle in Texas? Walker in the minors? Wherever they wind up this season, they seem destined for eventual big league success. But it will be a shame if they are prevented from doing it together.

The fourth of six children, Ronald Dale Kittle is outspoken, self-confident and honest to a fault. He inherited these traits from his father, James, an unemployed ironworker. "I taught Ron to be his own man," says James. "You live by your convictions and sometimes you pay for them."

"Ron got slighted in the draft [L.A. signed him as a free agent in 1977], and he still isn't getting enough credit. The other night I was watching some sports-writers on television. They said Ron had an iron glove and would bat .240. And they said Walker's smooth. Huh! Ballet dancers are smooth." The senior Kittle, mind you, is a big Walker fan, he just wants his own boy to get his due.

"After graduating from high school in 1976, I was an ironworker with my father," Kittle says. "I was what they call a gofer, a punk. You go around fetching up bolts, hooking up torches, gassing air bottles. Later I'd be working up on the beams, sometimes from four in the afternoon to six in the morning. The dirt would fly and my face would be black as graphite, but I made good money. If I weren't playing baseball I'd still be doing that."

Upon being drafted, Kittle was sent by the Dodgers to Clinton, where he was shifted from the infield, which he'd played in high



Kittle's always a ready baby-sitter for Garman and Greg's Kaycees.

school, to left. "They told me he had too much arm to play infield," says his father "Goofy."

In retrospect, L.A. made what turned out to be another goofy move by releasing Kittle during the 1978 season. To be sure, at the time it seemed a logical decision. Kittle had injured his neck in 1977 and undergone surgery to fuse two vertebrae; because he tried to come back too soon, he hit .213 for three Dodger farm clubs in 1977 and '78. Typically, he has no idea how he got the injury. "I had been hurting so bad I was kind of glad to be released," says Kittle. "But I had it in the back of my mind that I could still play in the big leagues."

Kittle went back to construction work, lugging two 50-pound bags of bolts at a

time and playing semipro baseball on the side. Enter Billy Pierce, the old Sox southpaw, now in the envelope business in Chicago. "A purchasing agent named Cecil Messer, who does some youth-league umpiring and managing, told me about Ron," says Pierce. He checked Kittle out, liked what he saw and arranged for a tryout at Comiskey Park.

The story of that tryout gets better with each telling, but according to the most conservative report, Kittle was thrown 12 pitches and hit seven over the fence. "I remember someone behind

me—I think it was Don Kessinger—saying 'He's swinging at everything.'" Kittle says. "Then someone else said, 'Yeah, but he's hitting everything.' It made me feel good that guys were watching instead of saying, 'There's a punk trying out.' One of those watching was Bill Veeck, then the White Sox owner. 'Sign him,'" said Veeck.

Leery of rearing Kittle's neck, the White Sox at first used him as a designated hitter—"a mistake," says General Manager Roland Hemond, because it hindered Kittle's development as an outfielder. Then he suffered another disabling injury, torn tendons in his left thumb, and got off to another slow start in the minors. But since 1980 he hasn't hit less than .300.

Last season, the bone chips in his right thumb notwithstanding, Kittle put on a one-man extravaganza. "He was the Wayne Gretzky of the summer," says Bill Davidson, sports editor of *The Edmonton Sun*. The Edmonton Trappers drew 233,000 fans to their rickety, 5,000-seat hardsbox as Kittle hit towering moonshots into the night. One of his longest homers, in Albuquerque, N.M., cleared the 390 mark in left center, a 40-foot grade to a parking lot and the lot itself.

"Yeah, and the third baseman dived for it," says Walker.

"Well, it was a fine drive," Kittle says, deadpan.



If Paciorek is in, then one of the youngsters must be out.

continued

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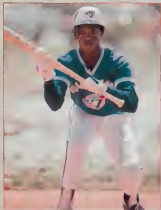


THEY'RE GETTING A LONG LOOK AT SHORT

It's a rare rookie who's able to become a starting shortstop, but this spring there are a number of newcomers who could turn the trick: Oakland's Tony Phillips moves with grace and speed on the base paths. He had 29 steals in '82 for Tacoma of the Pacific Coast League.



Cleveland has something unusual in Julio Franco (above), a shortstop with power. He hit 21 home runs for Oklahoma City in '82. Tony Fernandez, who batted .302 for Syracuse, may be deft enough with the bat to unseat Toronto's Alfredo Griffin.



ROOKIES continued

The youngest of three children and a second cousin of the Astros' Harry Spilman, Gregory Lee Walker grew up in Douglas, a farming community in south-central Georgia with a population of 10,980. He'll talk at great length about farming, but not about his own accomplishments. Like Kittle, Walker is every bit his father's son. Billy Walker, a feed salesman, admits only that he played some ball—he was in fact a local legend in both softball and hardball. A potential professional career was aborted by military service. He also won't extol his son. "I'm afraid to brag on Greg—he wouldn't like that," says Billy.

Leave the bragging to Clayton Mathis, a junior high school principal who coached Greg on several youth teams. "He was an excellent, serious student, and he won the Trojan Award for being the best athlete at Coffee High," says Mathis. "You'd never notice him in a group because he was always listening. In junior baseball he was a catcher, and I taught him to cover third when there's a runner on first who's stealing and the ball is bunted to the third baseman. The play came up again two years later, and he covered third and made a tag play there. I asked him how he knew to be there and he said, 'You told me to do it in junior ball.'"

Walker switched to first after suffering a shoulder separation in high school football. "I was a slow quarterback," he says disgustedly, failing to mention that he was also an all-region quarterback. Because of the injury, he wasn't drafted by the Phillies until the 20th round. It was hardly auspicious that when he was scheduled to report to the Class A club in Auburn, N.Y., he had mono. Nonetheless, Walker piled into the car with his brother Jamie and drove north.

There are thousands of promising ballplayers who never make it out of the low minors. After three seasons of mediocre statistics in Class A—Walker couldn't hit lefties then but can now—he could have been mistaken for another run-of-the-mill player. But not by Jerry Krause, the White Sox special assignment scout who saw Walker perform in the Instructional League in 1979. "You don't look for averages when you're watching that league," says Krause. "You look for swings. Walker has a short swing for a big man. Guys with short strokes leave less room for error. A short, quick basketball

shot is better than a long, sweeping one; a quick puncher hits hardest."

There's a major distinction between a player left unprotected by his parent club at the Double A level and one unguarded at the Triple A level. A Triple A player can be drafted for \$25,000, but he must remain on the big league roster of his new club for a season or be offered back to his original team for \$12,500. But a Double A player can be picked up for \$12,500 and can't be reclaimed.

When Krause saw that Walker was listed on the Phillies' Double A roster, he was incredulous. "Prospect—would like to deal for," he wired Hemond. Later he told Hemond on the phone, "Damn, Roland, we got lucky."

"Tell me about him," said Hemond.

"He's been in the minors for three years but he can hit. He's 20, the same age as a college junior. If he'd been in college, he'd have been a high draft choice." Walker was claimed forthwith.

Because the White Sox had some veteran first basemen on their Double A roster, Walker spent a fourth season in Class A, but he has since advanced one classification a year. After batting .463 for the first 10 games at Edmonton last season, he broke his wrist on a tag play and was out for three months. When he returned the wrist was still tender, and Edmonton Manager Gordie Lund wisely limited him to designated hitting. "He's unbelievably hard-nosed, and he kept saying 'Goddamn, I've got to play, I've got to play,'" says Krause. His final stats for 117 at bats were a .350 average, three homers and 12 RBIs.

When the Edmonton season ended, Walker happily reported back to the Instructional League to play himself into condition so he'd no longer be a DH. But the day Walker arrived in Florida, Paciorek suffered a pulled hamstring. "Squires then pulled a leg muscle, so we put in a hurried call to Sarasota," says Hemond. "They ran Walker out to the batting cage and he was swinging well, so we rushed him up." Joining the big club on Sept. 15, Walker was reunited with Kittle, who had been promoted a couple of weeks earlier. During their September apprenticeship, each of them drove in seven runs with seven hits; no wonder people make comparisons.

"They're good for each other," says Mathis. They should be good for the White Sox, too.

END

FOUR MORE WHO COULD COME TO THE FORE



Second Baseman Bill Doran hit .302 for Tucson and .278 in 26 games with the Astros.



Beastly Brad (The Animal) Lesley had a 2.58 ERA in a trial as a Red relief pitcher.

Greg Brock, the new Steve Garvey, hit 44 home runs for Albuquerque.



Baltimore Third Baseman Leo Hernandez hit 34 homers while playing in three leagues.

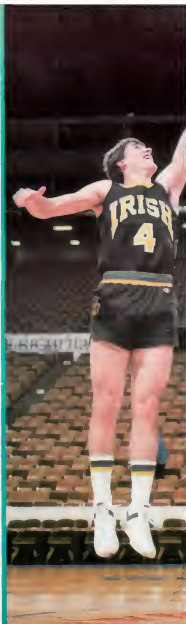
If the producers of *Leave It to Beaver* or *Ozzie and Harriet* had been looking for a real prototypical Middle American suburb in which to set their television shows, they couldn't have done better than Kettering, Ohio, outside Dayton, where the inhabitants tend to be just like the Cleavers and Nelsons: not rich or even well-to-do but simply "comfortable." Jim and John Paxson lived in a house at the end of a cul-de-sac—nobody in Kettering lives on a dead end street—with their father, Jim Sr., their mother, Jackie, their sisters, Molly and Maggie, and younger brother, Michael. The five-bedroom house was typical of Kettering, and a basket and backboard hung like an altar at the end of the driveway. The hoop had a weather-resistant net, just like most of the other baskets around town. "Whenever we wore one net out," Jim Jr. recalls, "we always had another ready." The young Paxsons clearly were not playing the tough, netless ball of the inner city.

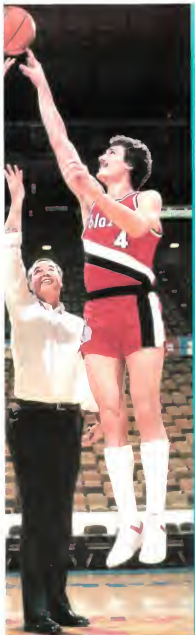
But there were tensions beneath this nice suburban facade, as we shall see—and as indeed one might expect in a perfectionist family that has produced two celebrated sons. Young Jim is now an All-Star guard in his fourth season with the Portland Trail Blazers and is his team's leading scorer. Through Sunday he was averaging 21.7 points a game. John is an All-America and senior captain at Notre Dame, where he also was tops in scoring (17.7). Jim was a star for four years at the University of Dayton, where Jim Paxson Sr. had been a standout, graduating in 1956, before spending two years in the NBA.

"Jimmy's a man now in his own right, making more money than most people do in a lifetime," says a friend of the Paxson family, "but he's still very much his father's boy." And John, at 22 three years younger than Jim, is still very much the reverential kid brother. Out of respect for Jim, John changed his uniform number this season from 23 to 4.

A Family Tradition

Notre Dame's John and Portland's Jim Paxson are following firmly in their father's basketball footsteps
by **BRUCE NEWMAN**





PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL SKALAK

because that's Jim's number in Portland. "I never had to look very far," John says, "to find a hero."

Although Jim is 6' 6" and John 6' 2", their style of play has always been similar. Jackie can remember driving into their street when the boys were small and having difficulty figuring out which was which as they took shots. Now that both Paxsons have attained a certain celebrity status, they have begun to be bothered by a new identity problem. Last month, John was introduced before a game at North Carolina State as Jim. Two weeks ago at his house in the Lake Oswego area south of Portland, Jim fished a fund-raising letter out of the mailbox that began, "Dear Mr. Paxson: Having attended Jesuit High School in days past, I've followed the fortunes of Notre Dame and your career for years. . . ." Paxson crumpled the paper up into a neat ball and fired it at the wastebasket.

That letter struck a nerve. It's no secret that Jim wanted to be the first Paxson to play for Notre Dame. Dayton, where Jim averaged 18.0 points a game in his four years (1975-78), was fine because it was close to home and he was coached by Don Donohoe, who happens to be his godfather, but Jim was disappointed that Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps never made a serious effort to recruit him. When the Paxson family convened in Cleveland last month for a Trail Blazers game, Jim couldn't resist needing his brother about a 55-53 loss the Irish had suffered a day earlier at the hands of DePaul. Notre Dame had come from nine points down with 1:44 to go to tie, only to lose at the buzzer. "Digger is great in the last two minutes of a game," Jim told John, who had scored 19 points. "But why does he always wait until the last two minutes to make his move?"

Jim looked at John. John looked at Jim. "No comment," John said, exercising his best possible defense of Phelps's coaching.

From the time they were very small, the Paxsons played games from morning until they had worn themselves out at night. Their parents added a 16x30-foot room to the house on Andrea Drive, as the cul-de-sac street is called, and covered the floor with extra thick padding and carpeting so the boys and their father could play football in their pajamas. Later, when Jim decided to concentrate on basketball, he did so with predictable passion. "I remember nights when Jimmy would come in with all the fingers on his hands bleeding from where the basketball had rubbed them raw," says Jackie. "And then the next night he'd be right back out

continued

The boys have always sought the approval of Dad, a former college and NBA player.

there." That's about the time that Jackie began closing her eyes whenever she had to attend one of her boys' games.

The Paxsons lived in the home at the end of Andrea Drive for 16 years, and it holds such pleasant memories for John that, even though his parents sold it five years ago, he refers to it as "the good house." There was goodness all around. On one side was the parish rectory, and to the rear Archbishop Alter High and St. Charles Borromeo, parochial schools that the Paxson boys and Molly attended at various times. The brothers often played football in the backyard of the rectory, and the priests would come out in their Roman collars and black garb and shoot baskets in the Paxson driveway until dusk.

"One priest," Jim recalls, "always used to come by and say, 'Why do you guys keep practicing all the time? Aren't you any good yet?' That was his idea of a good joke." But from as early as they can remember the Paxson boys knew that more was expected of them than most children. Their father had been a local hero as a 10.9-points-a-game forward at Dayton, and when, after two seasons in the NBA with the Lakers and Royals, he took over his father-in-law's insurance business in 1958, he became a local success. "You have to understand that the University of Dayton is the only game in town," he says. "I can remember taking the boys to the supermarket as babies, and even then people would always ask me, 'Are they going to play?'"

From the time he was very small it was evident that Jimmy was obsessed with trying to master his father's game. "We wanted to be like our dad," John says, "and I think the fact that he had been a player had a lot to do with us getting interested in it. He was a good role model for us." The battles in the driveway between Jim Sr. and Jim Jr. were always hard fought, with father, who is 6'6", sweating his son's shots away and otherwise never giving an inch.

"He would do whatever he could to stop me from scoring," Jim says, "then he'd let John and Michael score all over him, and that made me mad. When I was growing up I thought my dad was pretty hard on me. I was always supposed to set

an example. In a lot of ways we didn't get along very well during that period, so I guess I never looked at what I did as following in his footsteps."

Jim Jr. finally beat Jim Sr. one on one when he was in the sixth grade (and had sprouted to about 5'7"), and that was when the father-son games came to a halt. "After that," Jim Sr. says, "it wasn't so much fun anymore." It was also about that time when Mike Paxson inadvertently made a discovery that seemed innocent enough but would change the lives of his older brothers.

"Our 5-year-old had seen a movie about military schools," says Jackie, "and he started asking us about it. Eventually I sent away for some brochures just to make him happy." Jim, who was 11 then, studied them carefully for several days and then announced he wanted to go to one of the schools. "A lot of people in our part of the country think military schools are where you send bad kids as a last resort," says Jackie. "But Jimmy wasn't bad." Jim remembers himself as being a "hyperactive, mean kid" before he went away, but his mother insists he was just shy.

"Jimmy likes regimentation," she says. "For as long as I can remember he always had a time to study, a time to eat and a time to play ball." All of which may have made Jim seem like a dream candidate for Leonard Hall Junior Naval Academy, located in Leonardtown, Md. and run by a Catholic order. But the school felt his answers to a psychological test given as part of the entrance examination indicated he wouldn't fit in. "We asked the psychologists why," Jackie says, "and he said Jimmy was such a perfectionist he wouldn't be able to adapt to a regimented environment."

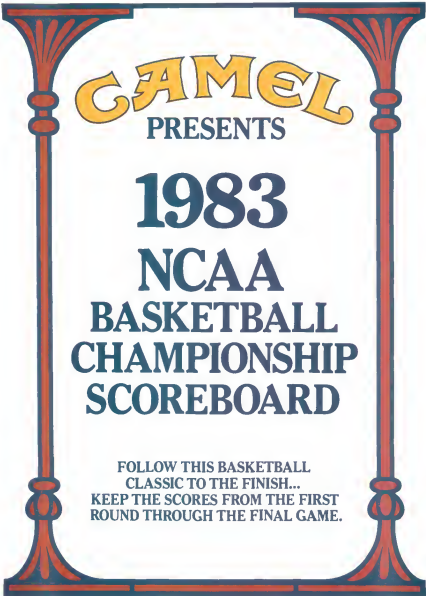
The school finally agreed to try Jim, and while attending the sixth through eighth grades there, he went on to win virtually every academic, military and athletic award the academy gave. "I remember him telling me how each night the loneliness was so hard," his mother says. "He was dreadfully homesick, and I used to tell him each time he came home that he didn't have to go back. He even admitted later that during his first year he began to wonder if we really wanted him. But he always said he felt he had something to prove."

"It wasn't that I really liked it," Jim says of Leonard Hall, "but it gave me a chance to establish an identity for myself.

continued



"I never had to look very far to find a hero," says John (top), who, like his brother, is his team's captain and leader in scoring.



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March 17 & 18

Second Round
March 19 & 20

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

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Regionals

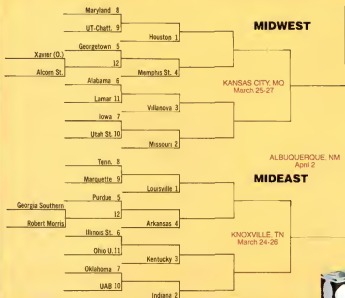
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APRIL 4

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Second Round
March 19 & 20

First Round
March 17 & 18

Opening Round
March 15

Regionals

WEST

OGDEN, UT
March 24-26

ALBUQUERQUE, NM
April 2

EAST

SYRACUSE, NY
March 25-27

8	Wash. St.	
9	Weber St.	
5	Okla. St.	
12		Princeton
4	Boston College	N.C. A&T
6	N. Carolina St.	
11	Pepperdine	
7	Illinois	
10	Utah	
2	UCLA	
8	SW La.	
9	Rutgers	
5	Va. Comm.	
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4	Georgia	Boston U.
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By 1971, when Jim had returned to Kettering to go to high school at Archbishop Alter, John was beginning to think about being a basketball player, too. But by the time he was ready for the eighth grade, he was still only 5' 4". "My height has always been my disadvantage," he says. "When I was in the seventh grade and shorter than everybody else, my parents and I started talking about holding me back a year. Even then athletics were a big part of my life, and I just couldn't see myself ever doing anything as long as I was so small. I was really intimidated about my height."

John had himself shipped off to the Le Mans Academy, a Catholic military school 272 miles away in Rolling Prairie, Ind. After two months he was overcome by homesickness and came home to go back to school in Kettering, but the next year he lasted the whole term, repeating the eighth grade and biding his time while he waited to grow a few inches. But even his adult height isn't going to impress anybody in the NBA. "All the 6' 2" guys in the league can really blaze," says Milwaukee Bucks Coach Don Nelson. And as John himself is the first to admit, "When you're short and white, they just assume you're not quick. Of course, it doesn't help that I'm not quick."

Though his older brother and father are four inches taller than he is, that isn't the most difficult family comparison John has had to endure. In high school he found he was being judged against the achievements of Jim, his own hero. "There's a lot of pressure when that happens," John says. "Jim was doing well in college and I hadn't shown people I was a player yet. That's when you get a little jealous, when you're growing up and everywhere you go, the only thing people ask you about is your brother."

Michael Paxson fled all the way to the University of Wyoming to try to escape the inevitable comparisons. "People would always say Mike was the best natural athlete," Jim says. "That didn't make it any easier for him." Mike transferred after his freshman year at Wyoming and spent last season as a walk-on basketball player at Ohio University, averaging 1.2 points a game off the bench.

It hasn't been easy for Jackie, either. "We've had our problems, just like everybody else," she says. Eight and a half years ago she suffered a nervous break-

down and underwent shock treatments. "Perfectionism has its price," she says. "I just felt I'd somehow been a failure as a wife and mother, and I withdrew from everything." Soon she was back in circulation, and, as with everything else that touches their lives, the episode seemed to draw the family closer together.

Nothing, however, has been able to help Jackie overcome the phobia she has about watching her sons play basketball. When a game is on TV she will only watch a tape replay, because seeing it live makes her too nervous. If she must watch a game in an arena, she's sure to wear her glasses, and it will be less obvious that she often has her eyes clamped firmly shut. "We figure she ought to get her ticket at half price," says Jim Sr., only half kid-

the NBA some of the anxiety that Jim went through during his first season in Portland. Jim was the 12th player taken in the 1979 draft, but he averaged just 6.2 points a game in his rookie season and played tentatively most of the year. "He wasn't a smashing success," says Portland Conch Jack Ramsay. Since then Paxson's game has steadily improved, largely because he is one of the best players in the league at moving without the ball, an ability perfectly suiting Ramsay's offense, which stresses motion, screens and passing. "He's not fast," Ramsay says, "but he's quick. There are very few players who can catch him in the open court, and he gets to his target quickly. He might run his curls and cuts two or three times and not get the ball. For any-



Surrounded by her overschievers, Jackie readily admits, "Perfectionism has its price."

ding. When John hit three free throws in the final minute to beat UCLA in his freshman year at Notre Dame, his mother was walking in the arena's hallways, anxiously saying her rosary. During John's college career, the elder Paxsons have made the 259-mile trip to South Bend for several of his games, but she has seen little of any of them. "When he plays," she says, "I have to go walk around for a while. Sometimes I go to The Grotto and pray. Oh, I don't pray for Notre Dame to win anymore. I know that's not right. I just pray that everything turns out for the best."

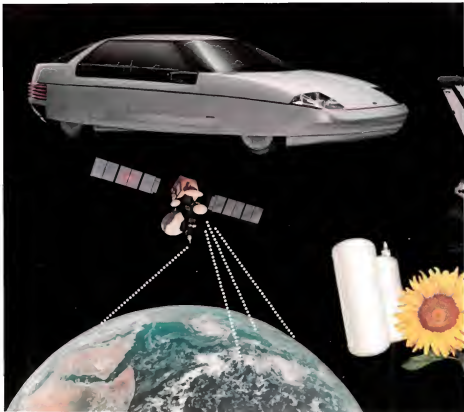
Because of John's lack of size and speed, he will probably have to endure in

one else, that would be demoralizing."

Guarding Jim can also be demoralizing. "He makes you work all night defensively," says Cleveland Guard World B. Free. "You have to take a few bee pollen tablets to stay with him."

"He disrupts the defense by moving so much," says Blazer Center Mychal Thompson. "Even if Pax doesn't get the ball, the other team is usually so concerned about him getting it in the lane that it opens things up for someone else."

Jim has spent most of his pro career opening things up for someone else—and his example might just have opened NBA doors a little wider for John. But then, that's what big brothers are for. **AND**



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Great Scott! What a doubleheader

The U.S. skaters swept the individual world titles at Helsinki

by Bob Ottum

Last Friday morning, 12 hours or so after winning his third straight men's world figure skating title, Scott Hamilton sat down in a restaurant to a breakfast of a giant T-bone steak backed up by a mountain of French fries, a dish of asparagus spears, an order of fried rice, a tossed green salad and coffee. Plus a Coca-Cola on the rocks and a two-scoop sundae of vanilla ice cream doused with chocolate sauce and whipped cream and decorated with two cookies. Off to one side, a group of admirers stood in a semicircle watching quietly, respectful of the champion's need for a moment of privacy. "Y'know," said Hamilton, brandishing a chunk of steak in the air, "I wonder if I ought to throw in a couple of iron tablets, too. I weighed 110 pounds going into this meal."

Maybe so, but that's got to include his gold medal, his skates and all. Not that his weight makes an ounce of difference, because this wispy young man of 24 is one of the more remarkable athletes of our day. Last Thursday, by beating a field of 21 other skaters from 14 countries in Helsinki, Hamilton became the first

American man to win three consecutive world titles since David Jenkins in 1957-59; he has now won 13 gold medals in a row in various competitions—from Skate America and Skate Canada to national sports festivals and three straight U.S. titles. He was also the U.S. Olympic Committee's Athlete of the Year in 1981, and he'll undoubtedly go into the 1984 Winter Olympics as the most solid gold-medal favorite in any sport. "Fine with me," he says. "Let's put the pressure on somebody else for a change."

Helsinki may have been his most impressive victory. Hamilton led almost from the start, emerging from the compulsory figures in second and then moving into the lead with the short program at midweek. Finally he wiped out the field with a long program full of his special bounce and flourish. Small wonder the pressure now shifts to the rest of the world. At the moment there's simply not a better skater, or one with more verve.

As it turned out, Hamilton also rescued the world championships from becoming routine. For a brief time it had seemed that they would be dominated by the heavyweight title bout between defending world champion Elaine Zayak of Paramus, N.J. and her ace rival, U.S.

Hamilton takes off in a flying camel, one of the easier moves in his freestyle program.

champ Rosalynn Summers of Edmonds, Wash. It was an exciting prospect. But suddenly it collapsed in what appeared to be an icy replay of the Tai Babilonia-Randy Gardner drama at Lake Placid. Zayak, in 11th place at the time, abruptly withdrew from the school figures with just one more tracing to go. Two days later she was winging home.

That just about gave the women's world title to Summers, who almost surely would have won it anyway the way things were going. She's a perky 18-year-old in the process of growing up to become a stunning woman, and she skates like a dream, with just the right touch of cool. But when Zayak departed, the reaction was swift and harsh. The skating community hummed with dark rumor, and more than one newspaper story filed from Helsinki intimated that Zayak was a quitter who knew she couldn't scramble back from a big deficit. Even her assistant coach, Mary Lynn Gelderman, said, "If she comes through the compulsory 10th or lower there's just no way she can pull this off." But, as often happens in such cases, things were not quite what they seemed.

For a week Zayak had been hampered by a sore right ankle of mysterious origin. She was taking one of the Olympic-approved anti-inflammation medications for it. "I don't know what the name of it is," she said, "but I think it's that stuff that isn't supposed to make you dizzy." By noon on Tuesday a knot about the size of a marble was taking shape on the top of her ankle. During the first two of the school figures' three rounds, she discovered that she could turn only to the outside—and not at all to the inside—because of the pain. It's impossible for anyone to defend a world figure skating title by making nothing but right turns on the ice. Still, Zayak broke for lunch determined to carry on, and she returned, still determined, sitting on the bus to the arena wearing a combative look, her Sony Walkman blasting Barbra Streisand's *Enough Is Enough*. But she couldn't skate. After withdrawing, hidden away from the press in her room at

the Intercontinental Hotel, she showed the ankle to a friend. The hard lump had grown and now had lines radiating from it; it would have been a wonder if she could have laced a boot over it. "Well, so much for the title," she said. "But I'll be back for the Olympics."

Upon reaching the States, the Zayak crew went directly to the office of Dr. Kim Sloan, an orthopedic surgeon from Westwood, N.J. who also patches up the N.Y. Giants and the N.J. Nets. Coach Peter Burrows then cabled the news back to friends in Finland: There was a stress fracture in the ankle. Zayak would be in a cast for two weeks and off the ice four to eight weeks.

With Zayak out of the way, the competition was among a precious few: Katarina Witt of East Germany, the current European champion; Claudia Leistner of West Germany; and a couple of Soviet skaters. The others in the field of 15 finalists seemed to be mere chorines done up in spangles. But Summers hadn't come all the way to Finland to mince around. In her short program she gave everyone a preview of what was to come, a two-minute mixture of smooth jumps and lyrical moves. It was calculated to be a safe program, good enough to earn a fourth spot. That, combined with her first-place finish in the compulsories, put Summers in the lead going into the finals. In the break before the free skating she bought herself a \$950 silver fox coat, which indicated pretty clearly who she thought the winner would be. And then, decked out in a blue-green dress and burgundy finger-gloves, she went out on Friday night and dazzled the judges with a busy program that included such varied stuff as three triple jumps, 11 doubles of various kinds and enough other elegant and difficult moves to show that she indisputably deserved to be the new world champion. Leistner came in second, and the bronze went to the U.S.S.R.'s Elena Vodorezova—both of them had fallen while attempting triples.

Yes, she had missed having to face Zayak in the finals. Summers said at a press conference in a tone of voice that indicated she'd be able to tough it out, somehow. "but I hope she comes fighting back."

After that came one last pleasant surprise. Although the U.S. pairs team of Peter and Caitlin Carruthers had finished fourth behind the Soviets, East Germans and Canadians, the picture was a bit brighter in ice dancing. The British team won—the British team always wins ice dancing—but the English combo of Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean outdid themselves this time in the free dance by getting 6.0s across the board for artistic impression. And in the third spot were Judy Blumberg, 25, and Michael Seibert, 23, she from Tarzana, Calif., he from Washington, Pa. They had actually come within a skate blade, just a few percentage points, of winning the silver. As it is, they, too, must be considered a threat in the coming Olympics.

Still it was Hamilton who added the special fire to the meet. Where the other male and female skaters specialize—Brian Boitano of the U.S. is an outstanding jumper, for example, a true bouncer in the best sense of the word—Hamilton is the sport's only all-around performer, equally good at athleticism and artistry. Even better, he doesn't look the part. Hamilton is 5' 3", with thinning sandy hair, and he's so pale that he should be staked outdoors in the sun for a couple of hours a day. He looks as if you could hold him up to a strong light and

see right through him. But that, too, is pure deception. Somewhere inside him are several miles of tightly drawn sinew and a startling sense of dedication.

Hamilton is on a personal crusade to bring an aura of masculinity to the sport, which can only help its image. His skating reflects this to some extent, with an almost pugacious, watch-this-you-guys flair to it. He also has a refreshing honesty. While warming up for last week's final program, rolling his shoulders from side to side like a wee middleweight, he came skating past Coach Donald Laws and muttered something out of the side of his mouth. Laws had growled back. What had that been about?

"What I said was, 'I'm scared,'" Hamilton explained later.

And his coach had to give him words of encouragement, right? Oh, absolutely. What Laws had said back to Hamilton was, "Listen, you think you're scared?"

As it turned out, of course, there had been no need for jitters. Hamilton took off in his new skating outfit, a strictly businesslike stretch suit with not a sequin or spangle anywhere, and in the next 4½ minutes he brought down the house. He opened with a couple of triple jumps and then sprinkled four more into his program, almost spinning himself out of the rink on one, and then stirred in some heavy loops and swirls. He came back down to the ice to a collection of 5.8s and 5.9s (out of a possible 6.0) from the judges. The happy crowd in Helsinki

riained bunches of flowers down onto the ice—plus one furry Teddy bear, which is one of those things a guy has to put up with when he's Hamilton's size.

Training hard for six hours a day has added muscle to his frame. "At the 1980 Olympics in Lake Placid I weighed only 103 pounds," he says, "and my pants kept falling down." He had finished fifth—and that had marked the start of his scramble to the top. "But now I'm at my peak," he said. "I'm stronger than I have ever been in my life."

And never better.



Summers warmed up for her winning program by buying a silver-fox coat.

Shortly before Iowa wrestling Coach Dan Gable led his Hawkeyes onto the mat at the Myriad Convention Center in Oklahoma City last Saturday for the NCAA finals—which they (ho-hum) won again—he was sitting in his motel room. His feet were on the bed, and he was sipping Hawkeye Gold—"Iowa's own soft drink"—and thinking about whether the Hawks' domination of col-

lege wrestling was hurting the sport. The Iowa victory was so overwhelming that it was assured before the last time was 1942; their victory total of 155 points demolished their own mark of 131½ set at the 1982 NCAAAs; their winning margin of 53 points (Oklahoma State was second with 102) was an NCAA record; Gable's sixth straight national title breaks the record of five straight for a coach, which Gable set last year. The Iowa victory was so over-

by Douglas S. Looney

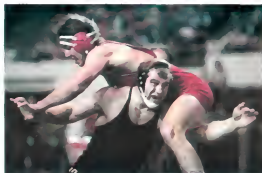
was sewn up before it started and that's harmful to the sport." Michigan Coach Dale Bahr, who in the past had blasted Gable for pouring it on, snorted, "I don't even want to talk about Iowa."

No wonder. The Hawks won nine of 10 weight classes in the Big Ten tournament as they won the league title for the 10th straight time, and they blitzed Michigan 44-0 in a dual meet. In seven years, Gable's conference dual-meet record is 47-2-0. Bill Nelson, coach at Arizona until the school dropped the sport two years ago, added, "I think this is the worst thing that could happen to wrestling—Iowa's so dominant that people lose interest. Something has to be done." Dynasties don't earn a lot of affection.

Maybe, went the whispering around the tournament, a limit should be set on the number of coaches a team can have. Gable has three full-time assistants, while other head coaches have at most one. Perhaps wrestling clubs—Iowa has the best one, of course—made up of wrestlers who have completed their eligibility but want to keep training for international competition, should be barred from working out with underclassmen. And what about putting a limit on how long you can practice?

The idea there was to do something about what happened at Iowa in mid-January. Gable, whose own high school and college record of 181-1-0 is burned in every wrestler's mind, sensed that his 190-pounder, Ed Banach, was in trouble, having already been beaten twice (and subsequently a third time) in early-season meets by Iowa State's Mike Mann. Gable also thought his 142-pounder, Harlan Kviler, needed more work. So, two mornings a week for six weeks, Gable set his alarm for 4:20 a.m. He would then pick up Kviler at 4:40, Banach at 4:50, and by 5:05 he'd have them working out at the Iowa field house. Then they'd go home, have a couple of doughnuts and return for the regular 8:30 team practice. Of course, they'd all be there again for the main workout at 4 p.m. Rule suggestion: No practice may start until 42.6% of the population is awake.

Naturally, because the early-morning



In a quarterfinal match, Ed Banach took Ohio State's Eric Neely for a brief spin.

lege wrestling was hurting the sport. "Now," Gable concluded, "It gives others something to look up to and strive for. I think people who criticize us are the ones hurting the sport, because they are talking against excellence. The way I feel is, if you lose it's not O.K."

These observations speak volumes about the Iowa philosophy and how it came to pass last week that the Hawks carved their superiority in stone. And, further, why the Hawks are planning to improve in the future. It's all terribly depressing for the rest of college wrestling. Iowa's latest national title was its sixth straight and its eighth in the last nine years. Not since Oklahoma State won nine out of 10 war-interrupted competitions between 1934 and 1946 has the sport had to endure such a monopoly.

The Hawks last week also had four individual national champs, each of whom had won at least once before, which tries a

The Hawks soar as before

Iowa had it easier than ever in winning its sixth straight NCAAAs

whelming that it was assured before the final round. Said Wyoming Coach Joe Dowler, surveying the wreckage, "All the rest of us are scrambling hard to close the gap, but what seems to be happening is that Iowa's widening it."

But Gable isn't resting easy. "You should never look forward to your past," he says. Others in wrestling are not looking back on—or forward to—much of anything.

"This is no national championship," grouched Yale Coach Bert Waterman. "It

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WRESTLING continued

experiment involved Iowa, it worked. Banach, the school's alltime winningest (140) and pinningest (74) wrestler, caught Mann near the end of the second period of the NCAA finals with a brilliant single-leg shot for a two-point takedown. Banach was then able to build around that for a 4-3 win and his third national title in four seasons. He's the first Iowa wrestler to do that. He controlled the tempo like the crafty veteran he is, was at ease wrestling on his feet and allowed Mann only one good opening. "If I was going to beat him," said Banach, "this was a good time." Kisler wrestled well, too, but lost in the semifinals.

Minutes after Ed's victory, his brother, Lou, charged onto the mat in the heavyweight division. He's a different breed

from Ed. Gable says of Lou, "Whatever the rest of the group is doing, he wants to do something else." But Gable can handle all personalities; that's one mark of how good a coach he is. Thus, Lou ended up being hell on legs all year and never more so than in the NCAA finals when he grabbed Iowa State's Wayne Cole in a classic bear hug and ripped him over backward. End of match.

The brawling Banach boys, both seniors, have been the heart and soul of the Iowa team for four seasons. A fan walked by and said, "Thanks, Loone, you've pleased a lot of people over the years."

Replied Lou, "Thanks, I've pleased myself."

The other Hawkeye winners were Barry Davis (126) and Jim Zalesky (158), both juniors. Davis, in a typical Iowa-style performance, defeated Arizona State's Gary Bohay 5-2 by outlasting him and by showing superior conditioning. Zalesky, undefeated this season (40-0), whipped Lou Montano of Cal Poly 7-4 with a combination of quickness and extremely effective blocking of Montano's offense. Iowa's only loser among the five finalists was freshman 177-pounder Duane Goldman, who was defeated 4-2 by Oklahoma's Mark Schultz, who won his third national championship. (Also winning a third NCAA crown was Iowa State's Nate Carr at 150.) But Goldman was not intimidated; he'll be back.

Lou Banach was a pain in the neck to Oklahoma State heavyweight Mitch Shelton.

So Iowa wins while others complain. There is much pointing, for example, at the philanthropy of the late Roy Carver, the Hawks' angel, whose enormous wealth enabled him to throw money at the University of Iowa—more than \$11 million, and still counting. Wrestling was his major athletic love, and the Hawks have benefited mightily from his will. Other schools are free, of course, to raise money for wrestling, and a few do. Oklahoma State and Oklahoma, for example, are getting with it seriously. And in truth, Iowa didn't win everything. Outstanding Wrestler for the meet was Oklahoma State's Mike Sheets, the 167-pound titlist, who won his five bouts by a combined score of 68-3.

But the major reason the Hawks keep winning is Gable. Some experts insist Iowa is so good the Hawkeyes would go on winning without him, that's wrong. Gable is Iowa wrestling. "Dan Gable," says Wrestling Hall of Fame Director Boh Dellingner, "didn't steal anything from anybody. He just went to work. Others have to realize that you never succeed when your goal is tearing down someone else."

Says Goldman, "I knew if I wanted to be the best, I had to come to Iowa and wrestle for Gable. That way I could start at the top—and work my way up."

Nobody in Oklahoma City disputed that the Hawks were the finest college wrestling team in history. And next year, it looks as if they'll be even better. Gable says he plans to replace the Banachs—230 wins between them plus five national titles—with "people as good or better." Ed Banach agrees: "It doesn't matter who you beat from other schools because you know there's somebody back in the wrestling room in Iowa City who can kick your butt."

"If other teams could win," says Gable, "it might generate more enthusiasm. But we're not going to lose on purpose. I just think all the others need to get with it." The idea that Iowa's excellence is hurting the sport is a mystery to Lou Banach. "How can you run wrestling by going out and wrestling your heart out?" he asks. "There are times when I wonder why I am going through all the hard work. Then, like now, I look up at the scoreboard and I know."

The assistant at Gable's right is one of his three aides.

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A measles epidemic has gripped the Indiana University campus the last few weeks, so Ohio State's basketball team had to be inoculated after its game in Bloomington last Saturday afternoon. Which is an obvious setup: After being shot down for the Big Ten championship 81-60 in the last game of an emotional season, the Buckeyes got shot up.

Ohio State probably realized this wasn't going to be its day when Indiana's 7'2" center, Uwe Blab—listed as a questionable starter because of a sprained right ankle—charged on court five minutes late to join his team in warmups, a bit of theater enhanced by the shouts of "OOH-vay, OOH-vay" from the 17,000-plus fans in Assembly Hall. A few minutes later *The Star-Spangled Banner* was preceded by the German national anthem (*Das Deutschlandlied*, if you're scoring) in tribute to Blab, a native of Munich. The psychological play was the brainchild of university President Dr. John W. Ryan, and, no, he does not have better things to do, especially during basketball season.

Although Blab later admitted he doesn't know the words to *Das Deutschlandlied*, the song obviously inspired him. Showing no aftereffect from his ankle injury, Blab handled Buckeye Center Granville Waters easily: He scored six straight Indiana points in a two-minute span that increased a 13-5 lead to 19-5 with 10:30 left in the first half. After Blab's spurt, Ohio State never again drew closer than nine points.

Blab wasn't the only reason for the blitzkrieg. The Buckeyes got an early (Randy) Wittman sampler when he scored eight of the Hoosiers' first 10 points with his textbook jumper. After Wittman, a 6'6" forward, had shot 11-for-16 and finished with 24 points and zero turnovers, Hoosier coach Bobby Knight said, "You have just seen the only person who could be considered the MVP of the Big Ten." On that point, no one would argue with Knight, even if there were someone around Bloomington who would dare to argue with Knight.

Collectively the five Hoosier starters (all seniors except Blab) shot 69% from the floor (32 of 46). Steve Bouchie, a 6'8" forward, had 10 points but, more

important, held Buckeye Forward Tony Campbell to a mere 10 shots and 12 points, well below his 19.5 average.

Guard Jim Thomas, who canned six of 10 from the floor and five of five from the line en route to 17 points, had four steals, all leading to Indiana baskets, and five rebounds, just below his team-leading 5.3 per game average. Indiana got a fine performance, too, from Point Guard Tony Brown, who dealt eight assists and made all four of his shots. Knight has been struggling to find a playmaker all season, sometimes starting Brown, sometimes freshman Stew Robinson and occasionally using Thomas, Wittman or Winston Morgan in that role.

Wittman, Blab, Bouchie, Thomas,

by Jack McCallum

undergrad studies in four years) and buddy. Wittman made only seven of 29 shots from the floor in the nightmarish two-game set in Michigan. Kitchel couldn't be shot as well in a body cast. "We've been through too much together for my injury not to affect him," Kitchel said.

The post-Kitchel preparation officially began at 6:30 on Feb. 28, the Monday morning following the loss at Michigan State. That's when Shirley Wittman, mother of Randy, called WIRE in Indianapolis, the flagship of the Indiana University basketball radio network, with an appeal for Hoosier fans to stay behind

continued

Back home again, it's Indiana

Playing on their own court, the Hoosiers beat Ohio State for the Big Ten title

Brown. *Das Deutschlandlied*. Add Assembly Hall, where Knight is now a phenomenal 145-14. Add Knight's record in season-ending Big Ten games, which is now 11-1. In short, the Hoosiers threw everything at the Buckeyes except the Kitchel sink.

Which is quite the point, really. In the first five minutes of a game at Michigan on Feb. 24, Forward Ted Kitchel, Indiana's leading scorer and one of the most accurate shooters in the country, removed himself from the action because of an aching back. Four days later he underwent surgery for a ruptured disc at Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis. Indiana went sour without him, losing to Michigan 69-56 and two nights later to Michigan State 62-54, and with those defeats a two-game Big Ten lead. Ohio State had pulled even with three games left.

No one was more shattered by the loss of Kitchel than Wittman, Kitchel's four-year roommate, fellow grad student in Indiana's School of Public Environmental Affairs (each missed a year of basketball because of injuries but finished his

Blab's performance against the Buckeyes may yet give them the German measles.



the team and to remember Kitchel with cards and letters. "I might've tried to stop her," Wittman says, "but I guess it turned out all right." Kitchel was deluged with mail following his four-hour surgery that night, and the fans turned out with fire in their eyes when Purdue came to town on Thursday.

Knight had been preparing for three days. He didn't change any X's and O's—"It was too late in the season for that," he said—but he did alter some p's and q's. To wit:

Every shot would be taken within the context of the offense. The basic Knight passing game would be elongated by four or five passes per possession. This wasn't a chore because Kitchel, for all his contributions, was the only Hoosier with a tendency to take bad shots.

Thomas would have to go to the basket more. Ditto for Blab. Bouchie, who bounced between regular and sub so often in his four-year career he never knew whether he was supposed to be Larry Olivier or Larry Storch, would have to adjust to being a full-time starter. Wittman would simply have to forget Kitchel's problems and take care of his own.

At noon on the day of the Purdue game Kitchel was still in his hospital bed, resembling "a corpse in a three-piece suit," according to Mrs. Wittman, who visited him that day. Late that afternoon, unbeknownst to any of his teammates or Knight, Kitchel checked out of the hospital, hobbled into his parents' van where he rested on a makeshift bed during the one-hour drive to Bloomington and limped into the dressing room minutes before game time. If this had happened in South Bend, they would have made a movie about it.

After Kitchel had been given a lengthy standing ovation Indiana unveiled its offense—the Hoosiers would take an average of only 41 shots in their final three games, as compared with their average to that point of 53—and a Knight men-to-man defense that was different only in its intensity and its emphasis on double-teaming and helping out. After a 64-41 victory over the Bolemakers, Knight told the crowd over the public address system, "We need you Saturday night, too." The fans responded and so did Indiana: the 67-55 win over Illinois clinching a tie for the conference title, with Ohio State remaining to be played.

"Indiana could play three marauders

two wounded veterans and win in that place," Purdue's Gene Keady told Bill Estep of the *Columbus Citizen-Journal*. Iowa's Late Olson figured Assembly Hall was "a 15- to 20-point advantage for Indiana." Aargh, it seems, is his specialty.

But on the Thursday before the game, Ohio Coach Eldon Miller still had reason for hope. He had taken a team that was picked to finish seventh in the Big Ten and whose best player, Clark Kellogg, had gone to the pros, to a 19-win season and the top of the league. He had a player in Campbell whom he considers "one of the best forwards in America." He had two lookalike, playalike guards in Troy Taylor and supersub Ron Stokes, whose quickness had been the major factor in a 70-67 win over Indiana on Jan. 8.

But last Saturday none of that mattered. Miller had no one to contain Wittman, who first burned Forward Joe Concheek, then Guard Larry Huggins, who's considered Ohio State's best defensive player, then backup Guard Dave Jones. He had no one to contain Blab when Walters went MIA. Offensively, Taylor and Stokes, who are each 5'11", looked like a pair of Smurfs trying to run against the Dallas Cowboys when they penetrated against Bouchie, Blab and Wittman. "We always help out, but we wanted to cut them off out farther this time," Bouchie said. Then, too, Miller had no one to match the vocal cords of Roy Samuelsen, the Indiana music professor who sang *Das Deutschlandlied*.

Whether Indiana will be nearly as effective away from home remains to be seen, but going into the tournament the brief postgame comment of Mitch Haas, an Ohio State reserve forward, seems appropriate. "Wow!" said Haas. "That's my quote. Wow!" In German, that roughly translates to *wunderbar!*

THE WEEK

(March 7-11)
by ALEXANDER WOLFF

MIDWEST In its 93-92 double-overtime victory over Missouri in the Big Eight tournament final in Kansas City, Mo., Oklahoma State required the services of a gym rat and the Rat Patrol. The Patrol was the scrambling, scavenging defense that contained Tiger Center Steve Stipanovich, harassed Mizzou floor leader

Jon Sundvold into 6-for-22 shooting and accounted for eight steals, three blocked shots and nine turnovers. The gym rat was sophomore Rick Anderson, a walk-on and crustacean intramural all-star who was called upon after three Cowboy starters had fouled out. He made the free throw that provided the winning margin. The two players who got Oklahoma State as far as the second OT were seniors Leroy Combs and Lorenza Andrews. Andrews scored two of his 24 points on a sprawling scoop shot that tied the score at the end of the first overtime. Combs finished with 34 points and 11 rebounds.

"Don't ask me how it happened," said TCU Coach Jim Killingsworth after his Horned Frogs' 61-59 overtime win over Arkansas in the Southwest Conference semifinals. "We were just ahead when the gun went off." So ended the Razorbacks' hope for a rematch with Houston in the final as well as the Frogs' 25-game record of futility against the Hogs. Doug Arnold led TCU, scoring 10 consecutive points, including the tying basket with 17 seconds remaining, during the Frogs' comeback from a 51-40 second-half deficit.

In spite of cracks that afflicted half the team, including Coach Guy Lewis, Houston beat SMU 75-59 and Killer's Frogs 62-59. But the Cougars' performance in the final was something to sneeze at. They sank only eight of 22 free throws and bungled seven of nine one-and-one opportunities in the final five minutes. "I think our guys were waiting for the NCAAs," said Cougar Forward Larry (Mr. Mean) Micheaux. "I hope our intensity builds, because this scares me." He suggested that a hazing might be in order for the brothers of Phi Sigma Iamnia. "I'll take 'em in the locker room and tell 'em; if they don't get the intensity started, I'll beat 'em all up." Thank you, Mr. Mean. We needed that.

Illinois State Forward Hank Cornely had some victims on his mind, too, before the Redbirds hosted the Missouri Valley Conference tournament final, but they weren't his teammates. "We want to attack and attack and attack," he said, "and then stomp on 'em until they fold." Woe be to weary Tulsas, which arrived in Normal after an eight-hour journey from a scedful game with New Mexico State and then tried to throw a full-court press at the Redbirds. Rickie Johnson scored a career-high 22 points in an 88-64 Illinois State stomp.

It's still not clear why Southland Conference officials, after deciding to hold their tournament in Beaumont, Texas, even bothered to play the games. Host Lamar had won 66 straight in the Beaumont Civic Center. The Cards ran that streak to 68 with wins over Arkansas State and North Texas State. Guard Lamont Robinson's 24 points in the final, a 75-54 victory over the Mean Green, earned him co-MVP honors with North Texas' Kenneth Lyons. Robinson's teammate Kenneth

Perkins held Lyons to 15 points in the final. The victories gave Lamar its fifth Southland title in six years and fourth NCAA berth in the past five. Spots in the NCAA preliminary round also went to SWAC champion Alcorn State, which didn't win by fewer than 12 points in three tournament games; Georgia Southern, which didn't win by more than three points in its three games in the Trans America tournament; and Xavier, which beat Loyola of Chicago 82-76 for the Midwestern City Conference title.

The NCAA had slim pickings for independents; only Southwestern Louisiana and Marquette earned at-large berths. The NIT, on the other hand, took in four: South Carolina, New Orleans, Notre Dame and DePaul.

WEST It was UCLA's first Pac-10 title in four years, but, admitted Michael Holton, the Bruins' captain, "It was an awful way to win our first championship." When Holton and his teammates took the Pauley Pavilion floor for their season ender against Arizona State, they already knew that Washington had upset second-place Washington State 76-75 to prevent the Bruins with the conference crown. Appropriately, the Bruins played as if they had nothing to gain.

SI TOP 20

1. LOUISVILLE (29-3)	3 *
2. ST. JOHN'S (27-4)	5
3. VIRGINIA (27-4)	1
4. HOUSTON (27-2)	4
5. UNLV (28-2)	6
6. UCLA (23-5)	2
7. WICHITA STATE (25-3)	7
8. INDIANA (23-6)	10
9. MISSOURI (26-7)	9
10. BOSTON COLL. (24-6)	13
11. N.C. STATE (20-10)	—
12. N. CAROLINA (26-7)	8
13. ARKANSAS (25-9)	11
14. KENTUCKY (21-7)	12
15. VILLANOVA (22-7)	14
16. MEMPHIS STATE (22-7)	15
17. GEORGETOWN (21-9)	15
18. ILLINOIS STATE (24-6)	20
19. VA. C'WEALTH (23-6)	19
20. OKLA. STATE (24-6)	—

* Last week

The Sun Devils went into a stall with the score tied 76-76 and 2½ minutes left and had run off all but 14 seconds, when Arizona State Forward Paul Williams scored on a driving layup for the final two of his 27 points. When UCLA's Darren Daye missed a short jumper eight seconds later, the Sun Devils had a 78-76 victory. Earlier, UCLA had wiped its fast-breaking feet on conference doorman Arizona 111-58, but then allowed Washington State a chance to tie for the title by losing 70-68 when the Cougars' Bryan Pollard tipped in the ball with no time left.

Upon hearing the chants of "We want Fresno, we want Fresno" from UNLV fans after his Runnin' Rebels had scored a 67-64 scintilla win over Long Beach State in the PCAA tournament, Coach Jerry Tarkanian said, "I'm not sure I want Fresno." His anxiety was justified. The Bulldogs, with the nation's staunchest defense, which was giving up an average of 53.2 points, led Vegas 23-6 midway through the first half and 37-28 at the break. But Tarkanian's son Danny threw in a three-pointer with 33 seconds left in regulation to force overtime, and Eric Booker, a refugee from the University of San Francisco, nailed another three-pointer at the OT buzzer to give the Rebels a 66-63 victory. It was the

continued

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sixth time this season that UNLV had rallied to win after falling behind 12 points or more, and the second time the Rebels had made up a 17-point deficit. UNLV Forward Sidney (El Sid) Green, who'd begun the week in a Vegas hospital with bronchitis, had 31 points and nine rebounds in UNLV's 74-67 comeback win over Pacific on Thursday night. 26 points and 14 rebounds against Long Beach Friday night and 23 points and 11 rebounds in the final.

Utah, with freshman Manuel Hendrix scoring 17 points, gained a tie for the WAC title with Texas-El Paso and Brigham Young by defeating Air Force 67-55. The Utes received the conference's automatic berth to the NCAA tournament, thanks to their 3-1 record in head-to-head meetings with UTEP and BYU, neither of which got at-large bids.

Nor did the tournament committee lavish at-large bids on the Big Sky and West Coast conferences. Big Sky tournament victor Weber State, which beat Nevada-Reno 87-78 in the title game by sinking 25 of 28 free throws, will be the league's sole NCAA participant, as Idaho had to settle for the NIT. And for the second straight year Pepperdine will carry the banner of the WCAC.

EAST Leading 80-74 with some two minutes of overtime left in North Carolina's ACC tournament semifinal game against North Carolina State, Tar Heel Coach Dean Smith decided he wouldn't allow the Wolfpack's three-point sharpshooters, Derek Whittember and Terry Gannon, to beat him with bombs. So he had his players foul members of the State bomb squad rather than let them unload, figuring the most any Wolfpack possession could yield would be two points. Problem was, State earned its free throws and even struck in a three-pointer and a layup, while North Carolina kept missing from the field, and in just over a minute the Wolfpack had the lead. The Tar Heels retaliated with even more fouls. Bad idea State burned free throw after free throw to win 91-84. In the meantime, Virginia was marooned to the tournament final in the other bracket, laying waste to Duke 109-66 and Georgia Tech 96-67. But the latter win, in a game so rough that Cavalier Coach Terry Holland threatened to pull his team off the court, was pyrrhic. Staring Forward Tim Mullen was probably lost to Virginia for postseason play with a sprained knee, which he suffered in a collision with Tech's Maurice Bradford.

In the final, Virginia got just what Smith had feared from N.C. State. It sank 12 of 22 three-point attempts, including four by Gannon. Whittember scored seven straight points in one second-half stretch as the Pack opened a nine-point lead en route to an 81-78 victory. Thurl Bailey added 24 points, and tournament MVP Sidney Lowe contributed 18. In four tries Ralph Sampson never won an ACC

title or the tournament's MVP award, and only once, in 1982, was he voted to the all-tournament team. The three-time college Player of the Year was 0 for 3 with two turnovers in the final 7½ minutes against the Wolfpack. "Don't say anything that'll make Ralph mad at us," pleaded State's Harold Thompson to the press afterward.

"Yeah," said Lorenzo Charles, Thompson's teammate. "We might have to play him again sometime down the road." That road could lead to Oxyden, Utah and the finals of the West Regional, where both Virginia and N.C. State were sent.

Temple was the surprise of the Atlantic 10 tournament, making the final against West Virginia thanks to MVP Terence Stansbury, who scored 79 points in three games. (So valuable is he—and so prone is Temple to playing overtime—that Stansbury is averaging 40.1 minutes a game.) But the Owls lost Guard Jim McLoughlin when he broke a bone in his shooting hand during their 72-67 upset of Rutgers in the semifinals, and lost the title 86-78 as four Mountaineers scored in double figures. Rutgers (22-7) earned an at-large bid despite its loss. James Madison, on Derek Steele's three-point play with 34 left, beat William & Mary 41-38 to win the ECAC South and advance to the NAAs.

Berths in the preliminary round of the NCAA tournament went to Boston University, which won the ECAC North Atlantic

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LEROY COMBS: Oklahoma State's 6'8" senior center was the tournament's MVP for scoring 69 points, getting 33 rebounds and making 11 steals in three games as the Cowboys won the Big Eight title.

crown by edging Holy Cross 63-62. LaSalle, a 75-73 victor over American in the East Coast Conference tournament final; MEAC champ North Carolina A&T, which beat Howard 71-64 for the conference crown; and Robert Morris, winner of its second straight ECAC Metro title with a 79-67 defeat of LIU. Colonial Guard Chipper Harris, the nation's leader in steals the past two seasons, averaged 7.7 points and shot 70% in three games.

MIDEAST The "Vile bears no ill will. If Derek Smith and Wiley Brown, Class of '82, were still around, that's how they might have described Louisville's attitude toward Memphis State, a team the Cards have played often—three times this season—and well, winning all three, most recently 71-68 in last week's Metro Conference tournament semifinal. "We have a good relationship with Memphis," says Rodney McCray, the "Vile's new spokesman, who was one of four Cards in double figures

against the Tigers. "There's no animosity between the players. I was talking with [the Tigers'] Derrick Phillips at the free-throw line during the game. I said, 'Derrick, this is a good game.'"

Well, that depended on whom you talked to. Tiger Coach Dana Kirk, suggesting that Louisville had treated his players' backs as mere rungs on the way to the title, said, "Hell, you ought to put ladders out there for 'em." To which Cardinal Coach Denney Crum replied, "We didn't bring our ladders. I distinctly told our players to leave our ladders at home." The Cards scaled Tulane—for the 15th straight time—66-51 in the final as three Cards cashed double digits. The Green Wave has never beaten Louisville.

Having trailed Auburn by 10, Kentucky by 14 and Mississippi State by 11 before going on to win all three Southeastern Conference tournament games, Alabama wasn't about to panic midway through the second half of the championship game when Georgia went up by 11. But cool-headed or not, "Bama could get no closer than seven as the Dawgs, hitting 22 of 26 second-half shots and getting an outstanding defensive effort by Terry Farr on Tide Forward Bobby Lee Hurt, went going away, 86-71. Georgia's first SEC tournament title earned the school its debut in the NCAA tournament, and the Dawgs' tournament win over the Tide, Mississippi and Tennessee gave them a 21-9 record, their first 20-win season.

Guy Minterfield, cousin of Kentucky's Dirk, scored 26 points as Morehead State downed Akron 81-65 to win the Ohio Valley tournament and advance to the NAAs for the first time since 1961. Tennessee-Chattanooga won its third straight Southern Conference postseason title as Skip Clark and Willie White each scored 17 points in a 70-62 victory over East Tennessee State.

Ohio University lost twice to Bowling Green during the regular Mid-American Conference season, and the Bobcats took only 11 shots in the second half of their third meeting with the Falcons in the tournament final at Bowling Green. But Ohio made 10 of them to advance to the NAAs with a 59-56 victory. Tournament MVP John Devereaux finished with 18 points for the Bobcats, whose 22-8 record marked the most wins in a single season in the school's history.

Meanwhile Ball State's Ray McCallum became the conference's career scoring leader, after falling behind Melvin (Sugar) McLoughlin of Central Michigan in the penultimate regular-season game. But McLoughlin and the Chippewas failed to qualify for the MAC tournament, so McCallum used the Cards' two extra games to score 50 points, raising his career total to 2,109, some 38 points sweeter than Sugar's.

Half of the Big Ten—Iowa, Purdue, Ohio State and Illinois, in addition to Indiana—received NCAA bids.

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Chevrolet

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Last December, when major league baseball discussed a new TV contract at its winter meetings in Hawaii, one network quietly vowed to spend the \$1 billion—that's "b" as in boom or "b" as in bust, depending on your viewpoint—that baseball seemed to want. That network was NBC, victim of the U.S. boycott in the 1980 Olympics and loser in the recent past of battles for the TV rights to the NCAA basketball tournament and the NFL. Having gone Oh for Three, it decided it wasn't going to lose baseball, even if it had to borrow from Vin Scully to raise the money.

Thus began one of the more daring gambles in the history of sports TV. As last week's headlines—DEAL PUTS BASEBALL IN BLACK AND PACT COULD SAVE BOWIE'S JOB—indicated, baseball now is assured of its \$1 billion, and the new TV deal could save lame-duck Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's job. But the back-room wheeling and dealing—still going strong as this week began—is the most intriguing story.

One thing about NBC Chairman Grant Tinker, network President Robert Mulholland and sports President Arthur Watson—they're ardent suitors. When the Pooh-Bahs of baseball and their wives hit the Sheraton Waikiki before Christmas, the women found in their rooms terry-cloth robes with the logo of NBC on the back and of major league baseball on the front. The baseball brass ate Chinese dinners with chopsticks bearing the sign of the peacock. For a Polynesian motif show, NBC imported 26 Eurasian children, each decked out in a big league shirt and cap and singing *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. Absurd? Of course. But it was some enchanted evening as far as baseball was concerned.

Within weeks, White Sox co-owner Eddie Einhorn, who in real life was the owner of TVS, emerged as the dominant figure of baseball's three-member TV Committee, which includes Kuhn and Phillies President Bill Giles. Einhorn circulated to TV bigwigs his "dream sheet," a set of figures purporting to prove that TV could indeed pay baseball \$1 billion—an \$810 million increase over the four-year contract now running out—and turn a profit. Network officials were initially astounded at the figure, but

Fast Eddie kept right on promoting it.

There were weeks of planning and at least one secret meeting with Kuhn before NBC unveiled its grand strategy to blow all comers out of the water. Not only did it go to the mat to keep its share of the World Series, playoffs and All-Star Game—events which it now shares on an annually rotating basis with ABC—but it tried to bid preemptively for all of baseball's national rights.

A chronic loser in the ratings, NBC figured it could ride the highly rated Series games to overall Nielsen supremacy for its new fall lineup, just as ABC did with the Olympics in 1972. The week before last, Watson signed away \$500 million for the "first half" of the new contract, entitling NBC to the Series in 1984, '86 and '88 and to the playoffs and All-Star Game in '85 and '87.

Then came the crusher: On March 1 Watson bid \$500 million for the "second half" of the package as well—the Series in '85 and '87, the playoffs and All-Star Game in the other years, and the grab bag of prime-time games ABC has been carrying. Einhorn, who's nothing if not gutsy, gave ABC a flat 10 days to match NBC's bid and stay in the lineup. (CBS, with half the NFL as well as the NCAA's and the Masters, has shown only mild interest in baseball.)

So infuriated was ABC by

by William Taaffe

DiMaggio, Aaron, Alous and Cruzes.)

ABC responded with a brushback pitch. It wanted no part of a five-year deal—but it might be interested in six years at \$625 million if NBC would agree to pay \$575 million. Ah, the craftiness of ABC. Like NBC, it would get three World Series, NBC couldn't steal the October ratings book for five years running and—try swallowing this—Howard Cosell might have a shot at doing baseball until 1990.

As in any poker game, there are winners and losers. Watson wins if he rakes



Einhorn's statistics hit home with slumping NBC.

The billion-dollar ball game

No matter who pays what, baseball's new network deal will make it a winner

both the bid and Einhorn's deadline that John Lazarus, ABC's vice-president for sports sales, reportedly stormed out of an in-house meeting on the deal. As ABC asked for an extension last week, Watson was smiling like Felix the Cat. Wasting one night for ABC's response, he and his NBC cohorts played baseball trivia. One question: Name eight brother combinations to hit homers in the same game. (The NBC crowd got five: the Waners,

in all the chips. If he doesn't, he at least has bled ABC a bit before all sides begin bidding on the 1988 Seoul Olympics later this year. The true winner, of course, is Fast Eddie. Just think of it. A possible \$1.2 billion. A fourfold increase in money per team—from \$1.9 million to \$7.69 million a year. George Steinbrenner once called Einhorn the Lou Costello of baseball. If so, he's one Costello who knows exactly who's on first.

END



'AND YOU DREAM ABOUT TOMORROW'

Baseball viewed him as one of a flock of 'non-prospects,' but the author once again picked up his glove and flew South

BY BOBBY MITCHELL



CONTINUED

BOBBY MITCHELL

continued

FEBRUARY 22, 1982

TO: ALL PITTSBURGH ORGANIZATION MINOR LEAGUE PLAYERS

FROM: BRANCIE RICEY III—DIRECTOR OF MINOR LEAGUE CLUBS

SUBJECT: REPORTING INSTRUCTIONS FOR 1982 SPRING TRAINING

Players are scheduled to report to Pirate City in Bradenton on two different dates. Pitchers and catchers are to report on Monday, March 15, with infielders and outfielders reporting on Wednesday, March 17.

Although players are furnished meals and lodging free at camp and receive \$3.00 weekly allowance for laundry, players are to bring to camp their own baseball shoes, gloves, warm up jackets, and personal items, uniforms and caps are furnished. Only players signed to 1982 contracts will be furnished or reimbursed for transportation or permitted to live at Pirate City and participate in camp activities.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICHARD SPARKS

PLAYERS fill the wooden grandstands at spring training

You have to spend money to make money." For years now I've been an avid proponent of this philosophy, and I have the first part of it down pat. Soon spring training will begin, and with that another financial opportunity will emerge. This time there will be no

reckless spending sprees, no wanton waste of the money earmarked for me. I will hold onto the \$3 each week, maybe bury it beneath one of the practice-field bases, and wait for my big chance in the stock market, or in silver futures, soybeans. I will know how and where to

make the big score. Life will be simple, the way it was before.

Hints of breeze blow gently across wooden grandstands, ruffling the hair of retired men, young again. Hot dogs, peanuts, ice cream and beer iced in pails are carried about the bleachers. There are palm trees and glossy programs full of the promises of spring. Players lean on bats, laughing, and look at the women in the stands. Pitchers pose casually for cam-

There is another spring training, though, for those of us within the decidedly minor leagues, and nothing is the same there as in the above scenario except, of course, for the sun. I know, because I've been going to minor league camps for years, most recently from March 17 to April 11, 1982 with the Pittsburgh Pirate organization at a site located between a Bradenton, Fla. swamp and an orange grove.

I knew how it would be. Intuitively, I knew. Way back, before doubts and misgivings, duplicity and amivalence—not to mention sliders on the black, long ago, when Sunday School seemed to me stupid, because God played centerfield for the Giants, it was simple to see how it would be.

The first time I saw him was at Yankee Stadium in a benefit game for New York City Sandlot Baseball. Willie Mays batted once that night, I was surprised that the fly ball he hit could be caught. In my eyes it was the hardest, highest, deepest fly ever, to rightfield. The ball was beautiful, in the lights, floating down toward the bright green, and I tried to tell him that in a letter but he never got it. I thought Orlando Cepeda stole it from his locker.

The following Christmas I got my first glove, a Gus Bell model. A Vada Pinson was next, then a Felipe Alou. The Felipe Alou rotated out between the first and second fingers at the top of the pocket, and by then I hated all of Mays's teammates, who were jealous. That's why they stole my letters from his locker at Candlestick, where he kept his money, food, gum and maybe a rifle.

When I was nine I got in a slump, a major Little League slump, and one night after a game I cried loudly enough for my father to hear down the hall. He came into my room and held me and said it would be all right. I had a feeling it would be the last time either of us would allow that sort of thing to happen.

I have a lot of trophies from my teens. I guess it was still all pretty easy, but the scouts were a problem. The first time one came to watch me was in American Legion ball. I went 0-4 and made an error. In the seventh inning the scout folded his aluminum chair and left. Out at shortstop I could hear the chair snap shut. I didn't

say anything in the car on the way home; neither did my father. In the shower I glared at the gray tiling and replayed the whole game in my mind. When I got to the part where I struck out, I turned and punched out the glass shower-stall door. My father ran into the bathroom, and I knew he knew what had happened, and he still didn't say anything.

In 1972, at a Cincinnati Reds tryout (I thought there would be five or six of us there, but I was assigned No. 86) I fielded a ground ball in the hole and threw it so far over the first baseman's head that he didn't jump. He turned, hands on hips—I hated him for that—and watched the ball bounce against the seats. The sound wasn't exactly the same, but it reminded me of an aluminum chair snapping shut.

I'm 28, and I've been to seven spring trainings now. I don't think much about Mays anymore, one way or the other, and I've got a pile of gloves I'll never use. I don't pay much attention to the scouts and they may not pay much attention to me. Oh, I still punch things once in a while, but only during a game; they have beer for us after the games. Mostly, though, the difference is that I realize there's no way I can know how it will be, or know what will be, so I'm just going to try again one more time, one more time.

Blessedly, memory is selective. When I reach back to my other spring trainings I only vaguely recall the boredom-inducing rituals: the calisthenics, the running, the group meetings, the pick-off drills, the cafeteria lines, the curfew checks, the serimmages. But inexplicably clear is my memory of the snowy egrets that would gather in the Bradenton camp outfields after supper. Each evening clusters would appear on the lush grass, their delicate gait such that they appeared to be stepping gingerly. Pure white on bright green against the near darkness of dusk.

There are other things from spring trainings that won't leave me. In '76, Jim Buckner got released. He had a hell of a spring training. He did it all, and then one morning he was told he couldn't do it anymore. He sat down in front of his locker and cried. I wanted to cry, too—for him, for me and maybe for everyone. He repeated, again and again, "I just want to play baseball. Why won't they let me play? Why won't they let me play?" It made me uncomfortable, but luckily I

continued



and breezes of optimism flow across the field.

era-toting tourists and put their names on scraps of paper for sometimes nonexistent sons and daughters. There's an aura of optimism; the players move about the field with languid confidence and ease. The sun shines brightly on the spring trainings we would all wish to attend.

BOBBY MITCHELL

continued



Each year I forget the boredom-inducing rituals: the drills, the meetings and the waiting around

was already dressed for practice. I left the locker room, and out in the sun, on the field, it was almost as though it had never happened at all.

In Bradenton one evening I took a nine-iron out onto the diamonds. Barefoot, I went from one field to another, following the golf ball. The grass was wet and soft, the sun had slipped from view. It was pleasant, watching divots rise and drop onto the grass. The holes in the turf were nicer still because I didn't replace the divots. Some minor-leaguers steal baseballs all season to get even for man-

agement's transgressions, real or imagined. I stroked a nine-iron through matured grass and wished for the season to start, or maybe I was already wishing for the winter wait.

One year, on a morning when we'd put on our uniforms but hadn't left the locker room, it rained. This was in Arizona, where you don't bother hoping for such things. The rain fell hard on the metal roof, a sort of energized music. Everyone smiled, and some laughed, and others began to remove their uniforms. Then a minor league instructor entered the room,

surveyed the situation and screamed at us, attacking our attitudes. It was passionate, and the veins in his neck bulged; no doubt he had been saving all this for a rainy day. Most of us stared at the floor, but I was hoping the roof music would continue. We had to go out and slide—headfirst, pop-up and hook—against canvas bases that slid with you across the grass and mud. There were scattered smiles and half-hearted slides because that was all they could make us do, and I smiled as I slid because sometimes you just have to let go and enjoy the moment for what it is, or what it isn't, instead of what it could or should be.

"Good morning. It's 7:30. Breakfast is now being served. Rise and shine, it's 7:30. Rise and shine." The camp manager blasts his merry message over loudspeakers hung inside the dormitory building.

The dining hall is painted yellow and trimmed in black. One wall bears the message **WE ARE FAMILY**, serving to remind us of the glory, the world championship of 1979. A picture of Roberto Clemente dominates the dining-hall lobby. At the tables players stripped the *Miami Herald*, seeking out the sports section, and discarding the rest on the floor, like kids separating the wafers of an Oreo to get at the cream filling. Triple A players check the transactions column first, ostensibly to keep up to date with other guys who have been traded, released, optioned or waived, but there's the unspoken hope that their own names will appear in a trade.

An hour later, in the clubhouse, more than 150 athletes submitted themselves to the system. Over each wood cubicle an index card was tacked: Mitchell, Bobby #35 V.B. #101. Players first report to the equipment cage for towels and vans (sanitary socks). Dave Augustine, one of my three training-camp roomies, and a veteran of 14 of these spring trainings, stood ahead of me in line.

"Jimmy, I don't have anything for my valuable bag today. Just give me a towel," Augustine said.

"You've got to turn in your valuable bag."

A valuable bag, a little sack that's the V.B. on our index cards, is not very valuable by itself. But it becomes worth something when you put in your wallet,

or watch, or keys. Then you turn it in to the attendant, who locks it in a cage while you practice.

"Jimmy, listen, I don't have anything for the bag. Give me a damn towel, you old coot."

"It don't matter, felts. No valuable bag, no towel. Them's the rules."

Once on the field we usually run for five minutes at our own pace. We circle the field like a herd of lethargic buffalo, the trick being to arrive back at the starting point at the five-minute mark. Some walk briskly to achieve this athletic feat. After stretching, players gathered around their instructors, and four circles of us listened to the day's schedule.

Our guy said: "All right, Wagner Field today. First, bust defenses. They'll be five of 'em. I give signs from the dugout, third baseman gives 'em to the infield.

dered about that a bit and then dismissed it as paranoia.

"This afternoon we go to Smith Complex and play the White Sox' team. We got a lot of guys in camp and only two buses, so a few will be staying back, but it don't mean a cotton-pickin' thing." A few of us exchanged knowing glances. The traveling list would mean a lot.

"Augustine, Hargis, Pastors and Mitchell, you'll stay back today and report to Demeter for batting practice." Last on the list. Did that mean I was one away from a seat on the bus or the lowliest of the odd squad? The list meant either that I'd be released at the end of spring training or that I'd made the same Triple A team I played for last year, the Portland Beavers, but wouldn't start. A lot of clues aren't as easy to interpret. The most difficult task is to factor the de-

"Mitchell, you need something?" It was a trainer, I think the one for our Class A team in Alexandria, Va. and he didn't recognize me as one of the players who think they've been around long enough to ignore some of the less significant rules.

"Yeah. How about today's sports page?"

"No one is allowed in the trainer's room unless they're being worked on, so get out."

"Doc, you think you could give me a back rub? Just as you were talking I got a hypochondriacal spasm, psychosomatically induced by a little pain in the butt."

"Out!"

I dropped the paper into the whirlpool on the way out, immediately feeling bad for having done so, but not too bad.

I grabbed a Louisville Slugger K-75



I was coming off a good season in 1981 when I led the Beavers with 42 steals and bled .294, but the big club didn't give me a second thought.

Pitcher acknowledges with a touch to the cap. Right chest, right leg, one and three; left chest, left leg, two and four; tug at the belt, five. Got it?" There was a 19-year-old second baseman who didn't understand a word of English but he nodded and smiled. I envisioned this drill going on for hours and wondered if I'd be better off if I went and ran bases with the outfielders or stayed with the infielders. Being a utility man has its advantages in spring training because you can move to the areas of least resistance.

"We're going to do these right, or we'll do 'em all day—it's up to you." Here the instructor paused to stare at me. I won-

dered about that a bit and then dismissed it as paranoia.

After the buses left for Smith Complex, I wandered aimlessly about the clubhouse, finally settling comfortably on a trainer's table with a two-day-old sports page. Dave Parker's picture and an article about him dominated the page. He came into our clubhouse the other day and talked with a couple of guys who had just been sent down to our club.

"With the season I'll have this year, I'll be taking down \$250,000—a week," Parker said, among other things. We all listened and laughed at appropriate times; it's how you know you're near a great athlete.

from the bat bag. In 1981 I used R-43s, K-55s, even a U-1 for a slump, but I got hot at the end of the season with a K-75, so I thought I'd stick with that model—probably until the first slump.

Five kids were sitting around the indoor batting cage. Still no sign of Demeter. I turned to the kids.

"Why aren't you guys in school?"

"It be Saturday." Fair enough.

"Don't you have homework to do?"

"No. You play for the Pirates?"

"Triple A. Do you like to read?"

"Read what?"

"Oh, Steinbeck, Faulkner, Spiderman, Fitzgerald. . ."

continued

"Who's them?"

I hit for a while, feeling for the right rhythm, trying to remember the correct mechanics, but I couldn't concentrate enough, even if I could lock into that rhythm, it wouldn't mean a cotton-pickin' thing if I were released. The day before I stood in the outfield during batting practice and talked to Matt Alexander about the army of Triple A outfielders in camp, specifically about how the numbers just didn't work out. He was sold to the Mexico City Reds later in the day, and Gary Lance was released. Gary, too, had spoken to me, telling me that he'd just bought a condominium and that if he were released, he wouldn't be able to meet the mortgage payments.

I showered and dressed. I had nothing to do for the rest of the afternoon. This condition was becoming frustratingly familiar. In spring training one has either too much or nothing at all to do. I walked to the dormitory patio overlooking the fields, selected a lounge chair and sipped at a soda as I watched pitchers jogging along the parameters of the fields, their knees barely rising.

I watched the lower classification players with particular interest. They seem to be a separate species. Their enthusiasm seems misplaced, or am I being cynical? They actually run sprints hard, some even do it cheerfully. I can't remember back to a time when I thought running spring-training sprints could make a difference. During the season I pride myself on hustle, but now, when I know there's a blackboard somewhere in this complex with my name either chalked onto the roster or chalked under a less desirable column, I spend a lot of time resenting a system that seemingly rewards potential and ignores performance.

Spring training has always been a serious affair for me, a time of deep concern, a time spent assessing how I'm being assessed. I've always viewed these few weeks as threatening, perhaps because I've never

been treated as a prospect, and therefore can never afford to let up when it counts. I love the game but note my bitterness and wonder if already I've played too long.

My concern is warranted. Of the 150 hallplayers in camp, almost 40 would be released. Near the end of spring training the dorm speakers boom names all the way out to the fields, announcing to so-and-so that his taxi for the airport is here. I wonder where they plan on going, and where I'd be going if it came to that this spring.

We broke camp Sunday afternoon, April 11. I shoved my duffel bags into the bus before most of the others and got a seat near the middle, next to Auggie. It's best to get on the bus as soon as possible when you break camp. There's an enormous amount of baggage, and the last

players on get caught having to help stuff suitcases between seats and down the aisle. I stared out the window as though lost in thought, so no one would ask me to help.

Finally the bus pulled away, and Auggie snapped an Eagles' cassette into his player as we headed for the Sarasota-Bradenton Airport. *So you live from day to day./ And you dream about tomorrow./ And the hours go by like minutes.../ And I could have done so many things, baby./ If I could only stop my mind./ From wondering what I left behind./ And from worryin' about this wasted time.*

I would have felt better if he'd made the typical choice and played Willie Nelson's *On the Road Again* and left it at that, but I guess, after 14 or seven years, one wonders what it all means, especially when it has been a minor, not a major, collection of springs.



From the bench I hardly noticed or cared if the team won or lost.

The sixth-grade teacher in our school coached the freshman baseball team. After school I'd run home, change clothes and crawl under the fence onto the high school field. I was the self-appointed bat boy. I knew the team was coming from the gym when I heard the clacking of their spikes against the cement. That clacking intrigued me. I could hardly wait until I was old enough to wear spikes. The rubber-cleated Little League spikes were for babies.

A guy named Dennis was my favorite player on that team. Sometimes I would bring him his bat during innings in which he wasn't even going to hit. Later I realized he wasn't a good player, and it was as if he'd let me down.

I had thought Salt Lake City would be warmer than 32° at game time on April 17, but no, it wasn't, and yes, we had to play the game, though that's misleading. We, the Portland Beavers, had to play, but I merely had the responsibility of sitting, but to bench, a painfully familiar posture for me to assume at the beginning of yet

continued

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BOBBY MITCHELL

continued

another Pacific Coast League season.

There were perhaps 30 fans present, bundled beneath blankets. Out in center, Bobby Brown, formerly of the Yankees and now a Triple A member of the Seattle Mariner organization, wore a suit around his head to protect his ears and a batting glove on each hand. I wore a pair of thermals under my uni and two jackets, and hoped I wouldn't have to pinch-hit. I also hoped my attitude would improve before the seventh inning.

In the fourth I left the dugout, cut through the locker room, walked beneath the grandstand and emerged in the home team's bullpen. I was looking for wood. Their pitchers stood warming themselves by a fire in a barrel. I smiled faintly, opposing pitchers make me uneasy. There were two pallets against a wall, dry white wood. They reminded me of past winter warehouse jobs. As I left the bullpen, one pallet under each arm, I smiled, again feeling slightly foolish, but not enough to leave the wood behind. Beneath the empty grandstand, the sound of my spikes echoed.

Fueled by the pallets, cracked bats and charcoal, the dugout fire created both heat and smoke, the presence of which irritated our manager. I hoped he wouldn't hold that against me, knowing that once I got into the lineup I wouldn't especially care what he felt about me as long as he penciled me into a game every day.

The next night, after batting practice, I studied the lineup taped to the dugout wall, slowly, top to bottom, hoping to see MITCHELL. I knew it would be under EXTRAS. EXTRAS: MITCHELL, CLIBURN, ALGUSTINE, HORTON. I jammed a bat into the rack, enjoying the feel of the frustration and anger because I trust the power of those emotions. I feel like this every year just before I break into the lineup.

Our eight-day, season-opening road trip completed, we arrived in Portland for our first home stand. Our initial team obligation was to show up for a luncheon at which most members of the Portland sporting press would be in attendance. Players rushed for the open bar, drinking to arm themselves against the uneasiness of the moment. Bearing a Bloody Mary, I

did a TV interview, floating through the stereotypical questions effortlessly. At the beginning of any season any question can be answered easily, as long as one peppers each response with the words *promise, potential and exciting*. In the middle of one of my responses I realized that I had forgotten the question, but I plowed on, knowing that it didn't matter—I wouldn't have believed what I was saying even if I knew what question I was responding to.

Two sportswriters and another TV interviewer and a screwdriver later, I was ready to depart from the system's script; in my next interview I was going to say that I should be playing, that I was tired of questionable prospects being rewarded at the expense of proven performers, of jobs being presented instead of won. I would stare into the camera—no, I'd glare—and ask why, after hitting .294 and stealing 42 bases for this team the year before, why was I collecting wood for dugout fires instead of playing? The answer, of course, is that at some time I was pegged a non-prospect, and after that nothing short of an act of God can get someone to the big leagues, or so it seems. That interview never took place, because we were called to our seats in the dining room.

That night during the player introductions in Civic Stadium, I stood atop the dugout steps listening carefully. "Number One, a hometown favorite and holder of the Portland single-season stolen-base

record, Bobby Mitchell." I'd never considered myself a hometown favorite, but I stood along the first base foul line enjoying the idea.

I don't remember if we beat Phoenix that night. The importance of winning in the minor leagues is somewhat conditional. If you're playing, it's of great concern; if you aren't, ambivalent feelings inevitably arise. The continuation of a career is based solely on one's capacity to get in a lineup and contribute to the success of the team. Bottom line? If the team is winning without you, butt calluses are bound to develop.

In the middle of the home stand, I pinch-hit against Albuquerque in the seventh inning of a 1-1 game. Del Crandall, manager of Albuquerque, the Dodgers' top farm team, brought in Steve Shirley, a lefthander, to face me. I swung a weighted bat, watching him warm up, considering my options. As I expected, the first pitch was a fastball. I dragged a bunt and beat it out easily. I stole second and scored on a single. Sometimes the game isn't too tough. Afterward I sat in front of my locker and savored the win, entertaining again and again in my mind the part I had played, graciously accepting handshakes from teammates, feeling good about them all, even the prospects who were in the lineup ahead of me. I wanted to hold that feeling. I didn't want to be bitter, but I knew that tomorrow after batting practice, after I had stared at the lineup card, the good feeling would

continued



The front seat of my car carried the clutter of a long season—140 games and only three days off

BOBBY MITCHELL

—CONTINUED—



You're in a slump when the girl who stood next you appears with a guy who asks you to buy him a beer.

be gone. I would spend tomorrow in the bullpen with the pitchers, angry, waiting, waiting for a chance to pitch.

By the first week of May, I was in the lineup every day, a testimony to the fragility of prospects and frailty of veterans. I was doing well enough that the tenuous nature of my entrance into the starting nine was no longer a consideration, at least to me. On May 17 the Pirates came to Portland for an exhibition game. The Pirate bias was present, too. Head Scoon Howie Blaik, General Manager Pete Petersen, in short, those who, if they knew I existed at all, had apparently decided that I was not in their plans.

Before the game I imagined myself performing heroically, but as I stepped into the batter's box it was another game, a temporary reprieve from the politics and rhetoric. I surveyed the infield, openly promoting among the holders the idea that I might hurt.

The Pirates had flown in a prospect from Buffalo to pitch against us. The word was that he threw forkballs about 80% of the time, but I guessed that he would start out with a fastball just to get ahead in the count. I lined the first pitch into right center for a triple, sliding into

third, an embellishment, like the final flourish of John Hancock's signature.

The rest of the game was like that. I was able to anticipate patterns, see pitches before they were thrown, sense ground balls to the right or left of me at third. But the mechanism of such moments seems to come and go. Athletes all seek a button, some permanent on switch to keep that feeling, but for most of us it is as elusive as it is inexplicable.

When the switch is off—when a player is in a slump, nothing goes right. Pitchers with no control throw 3-2 sliders on the black, one of seemingly hundreds of infielders arrayed against you dives and snatches the line drive that you thought was going to get you out of the slump, ground balls into the outfield are scored as errors, you get plate umpires with flopping strike zones, the clubhouse dries your rack only to the point of dampness and then takes the paw list up to the ticket office before you can leave a pair for two girls who don't show up anyway. But after the game you see them both in a bar with two guys who were at the game. One asks if you're the guy who struck out three times, and the other asks if you'd mind buying him a beer. You can't sleep until 4 a.m. and at 8 a mad apparently incapable of decipher-

ing 200 NOT DISHED comes barging into the room. She too must be in a slump because she grips with horror at the discarded room service trays, the plastic cups half-filled with snuff spit, the wet towel and spent beer-can decor and the punched-in lampshade, a silent sermon on the frustration of slumps.

Trying not to sound hopeful you ask the maid, "Ma'm, by any chance is it raining out?" just before she opens the curtains letting in the sunlight and, with it, a day that brings yet another game. So you tell yourself this is the game that will break you out of the slump. The maid is shaking her head as she departs, leaving you alone with Wink Martindale's mad-damnly smiling face on the tube, introducing a game-show contestant with eyes more bloodshot than yours who tells Wink that he used to play professional baseball.

At a friend's house after the Pittsburgh game, Auggie and I sat around the kitchen table with four or five others. Two or three conversations crisscrossed the table, but I concentrated on what Auggie was trying to tell me. "Mo, you didn't exist," he says. "You were dead, but now they'll be watching. I've seen it before."

I laughed it off. I didn't want to get my hopes up again. After all my time in the minors, I'd found that hope is a vague thing that hurts as well as helps.

Two days later, in Vancouver, with us losing 4-1 in the ninth inning and two outs, I hit a bases-loaded triple to right and scored on a throwing error. As I was on my way to the locker room after the game a guy from the press box asked me to go upstairs for a radio interview. I grabbed a bottle of beer and walked through the empty stands, my shower shoes flopping against the cement as I climbed the steps to the press box atop the stadium. I drew my lips against the bottle of beer, at the same time slating at the wall in right, then at home then back to the wall, savoring the length of my achievement.

The interview went well, I answered the questions casually, animating modestly that my three hits that night were a product of good fortune. After the interview I sat and talked a while longer. I liked it up there, above the field. Listening to a reporter typing his story, it's safer and less threatening, but so much less

—CONTINUED—



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BOBBY MITCHELL

continued

exciting than being on the field below.

Out on the roof of the stadium I stood against the railing and finished the beer. I stared across at downtown Vancouver, at the yellow glow against the surrounding mountains, and yet all I kept seeing was the ball headed out to right, and I could hear again the intoxicating sound of ball meeting wall. I knew that Auggie was probably wrong and that no one would remember my hit in a few days, including me, and I knew that I couldn't hit baseballs for a living forever. But up there on the roof, in the dark, I wanted my time to last just a bit longer.

The old Audi turned over right away, spewing its familiar plume of blue-black smoke from its rear. Near Portland's Civic Stadium, from which the Beavers would be taking a bus to the airport, I reached beneath a pile of Oregon *Journals* on the passenger seat and pulled out a small can of V-8. I took a sip and balanced the drink on an empty can of Havoline 10-40. As I turned from Canyon Road onto 18th Avenue, the V-8 can fell from its perch. The thick red juice spread across a parking ticket, over the corner of a speeding ticket and onto a stiff, pinetar-stained batting glove and then, in a much thinner rivulet, along the barrel of a cracked Louisville Slugger. It stopped just short of the road-trip itinerary.

Saturday, June 19

*Bus leaves Civic Stadium at 8:15 a.m.
going to Portland Airport.
LV: Portland Western #463 9:40
a.m.*

*ARV: Vancouver 10:30 a.m.
LV: Vancouver CP Air #44 1:25 p.m.
ARV: Edmonton 3:50 p.m.
Game time: 7:15 p.m.*

There aren't many professions in which one is required to travel all day before arriving at work. Sometimes this happens in major league ball, but it occurs far more often in the minors. In a season of over 140 games, there are three scheduled off days. It's such schedules and such travel days that tempt athletes to use drugs for help, because they run onto the field knowing that there's no possible way that their bodies are prepared for the game, not to mention their minds. Eventually, for some, any excuse will do.

Drugs—usually but not exclusively “ups”—have the capacity to move the mind in a desired direction. Short term, they can mask the threatening nature of a game. Sooner or later the chronic abuser must confront the circumstances that prompt him to become drug-dependent. Sometimes it's a matter of anxiety over feelings of low self-worth, with the consequential burden of low confidence. Drugs temporarily dull the emotional pain, whatever its source.

In professions with a high level of stress, there's a higher than average amount of drug abuse. But because of the idealization and hero worship of professional athletes, the exposure of their shortcomings offers the public a greater degree of titillation.

The first night in Edmonton I took an 0 for 4, an unwelcome addition to a series of such performances in June. I carried a

K-75 bat back to the Holiday Inn that night. Calmly, carefully, I assumed my stance. I imagined the floor lump to be a fastball and smushed it into submission. Later, viewing my handiwork from the bed, I noted sardonically that it represented the best contact I had made all month.

Like the use of drugs, such decidedly physical reactions to a slump, bad game or loss are activities that athletes tend to believe are O.K. because they're athletes. I have often listened in wonderment to reverential tales of a major and minor league “snap”—a player spontaneously destroying enormous quantities of furniture or bathroom fixtures. Actually, if one can afford it, I recommend this form of primal therapy.

The Edmonton series marked the end of the first half of the season, and we confronted a second half as cellar-dwellers of the first. Dave Hersh, our general manager, held a team meeting in the Edmonton locker room. He berated us for our 32-39 first-half performance. I sat and stared at the floor throughout the meeting, silently indicting him for indicting us. This resentment of front office people commenting on the proficiency of play is very prevalent among athletes. The typical attitude seems to be, “You would love to be even this bad at any level, so how can you get on us?”

But his criticisms were pretty much on target. Our team seems to have a surplus of young prospects and bitter non-prospects. The prospects tend to be so caught up in their career progress and statistics that winning takes a back seat. The bitter among us feel victimized, and so, with us as well, the need to win becomes secondary.

Wednesday, June 30

*Bus leaves from hotel at
4:30 a.m.
Bus to Phoenix arrival approximately 6:45 a.m.
LV: Phoenix Western
#455 at 9:30 a.m.
ARV: Portland 1:35 p.m.
Game time: 7:35 p.m. at
Civic Stadium*

continued

*I tossed out of the dorms with a
little B.P. on a motel-room lamp.*



BOBBY MITCHELL

continued

On the bus from Tucson to Phoenix, Mark (Vulture) Lee sat in the back and, well-beered, put on one of his comedic one-man shows. Vulture, a member of the Padre, Pittsburgh, Tiger and again, Pirate organizations, is one of the true

"Great White Hope." Vulture told Frobel that he, too, would be in the back of a bus in a couple of years, yelling at some new phenom.

I considered how little certainty the profession offers, how little security. Yet

ballplayers. Athletes must exert far more effort than the average citizen in order to get into trouble. We can get drunk, insult women, get in fights and commit a host of other indiscretions and be confronted only by laughing bystanders who comment to each other on the good fun jocks are able to have. We (and those who travel with us) seem able to get away with bizarre behavior, as though playing professional sports carries with it the gift of perennial adolescence. Perhaps this is part of the reason that so many players have trouble adjusting to the real world once their last games have been played.

It looked as though we would split the series in Hawaii. Having finished the first half in last place, our outlook was that of a second-division team, and though it was unspoken, we were geared to split the series rather than sweep.

Moves were made to reverse the momentum. Our manager was fired, though it was too late for Tom Trebelhorn, the new manager, to turn the team around. In June, outfielder Jose Rodriguez and Second Baseman Denny Gonzalez had been sent down to Buffalo; another second baseman was brought up in July, Utility Infielder Paul Dade, formerly of Cleveland and San Diego and then released by a team in Japan, was signed—and a month later released. Second Baseman Joe Gates, formerly of the White Sox, was released by a team in Mexico and signed by us; a month later he was released. A pitcher with about 12 illogically placed letters in his last name was signed, he pitched one-third of an inning and was released.

One move after another was made, but the complexion of the team stayed the same. Two pitchers were signed from Mexico, two others released. Paul Moskau came down from the Pirates and joined the starting rotation. Still we lost. It seems as though a team forms a perception of itself, and if it is good, the team wins no matter how many players are lost to injury or big league promotion.

The reverse is also true. During the season the Portland Beavers had at least 35 roster changes, and the only thing that stayed the same was our level of play. This phenomenon isn't easily explained. For instance, Pascual Perez started the season with us in the bullpen. Vern Law, our pitching coach, said of him in April,

continued



As the general manager berated the team, I stared at the floor, silently resenting his indiscretion.

characters of the Pacific Coast League. He screamed his jokes and insults, at times requesting the bus to "step on it, bugs are smashing against the back window!"

Willie Horton, his head resting against three of his bats, slept through Vulture's tirade. Horton is a ballplayer who is married to the game, so dedicated and devoted is he to his career. He plays to get another chance in the "show," although, by his own admission, his chances are slim. Like most of us, playing ball is what he does best and what he loves to do more than most anything else. Therefore he is on for the full ride.

Vulture seemed to have arrived at a point of no return, consumed by the process of consuming the contents of a Styrofoam cooler so much that he occasionally dunked his head into the ice water at the bottom. I stared at Horton and the others as they slept, listened to music or drank beer, and listened to Vulture, who was now screaming at Doug Frobel, a young outfielder an Edmonton paper described as the Pirate organization's

in truth, that's part of the game's allure. Playing professionally is much like gambling: The threat of loss as well as the chance for victory provides excitement. It seems that ballplayers, even when they are not playing ball, are always looking for a game.

I lined up wide right, at the water's edge. I knew I could beat Vulture long on a fly pattern to the palm tree, so I didn't bother. The sand was wet and warm between my toes and the moon was low over Diamond Head. Auggie dropped back to pass, and I swam out from shore, leaving Vulture to help double cover Dwight Jaynes of the Oregon Journal. Somehow, Dwight broke open across the middle and made a miraculous reception of the rolled-up towel just before his nose caught our radio announcer's knee. Dwight came out of the darkness, the towel tucked tightly under his arm, with a triumphant smile and blood flowing freely onto his T shirt.

The Kahala Hilton guard was nice about kicking us out. He knew we were

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BOBBY MITCHELL

columnist

"There just isn't any room in the rotation for him. He'll be the first one out of the pen." Although he eventually joined the starting rotation, he compiled a 4-9 record and a 4.82 ERA. After his ninth loss he packed his equipment and said he was going home to the Dominican Republic. He changed his mind the next day, and two weeks later, on June 28, he was traded to Atlanta. At Richmond of the International League he went 5-0, with a 1.26 ERA, and was brought up to Atlanta and put into the starting rotation. Thus, within a span of months, Perez was transformed from an unsuccessful pitcher on a last-place Pacific Coast League club to an effective member of the National League's Western Division champions. Same pitcher, different environment.

In 1981 Robert Long was Portland's most effective pitcher, with a 15-3 record. He was named the league's righthanded pitcher of the year. This year he's 5-13. Same pitcher, different team.

Changes in fortune can occur even more rapidly, sometimes within the span of an evening. Vulture rose through the Padre farm system, was promoted to the parent team, then traded to Pittsburgh and sent back to the minors, then brought up to the Pirates, then sent back down. Last winter he was sold to Detroit, then released by their Evansville farm club, then signed to a Portland contract. Before a game late in August he was told that he had been "reassigned." He assumed that meant traded, but at the end of the night he was convinced that it was tantamount to a release, because he was being sent home. No one quite understood the reason for the move, because he was our most effective short relief man, but he was also expendable, not being on the major league roster. That evening he came into the game in the eighth inning and, after striking out a batter for the second out, strode from the mound, shedding his uniform as he went. It was meant to be funny, a final act of bravado

and humor, but it was sad. Vulture paused between reporters' questions, trying to collect himself and make sense of it all. In a few hours he had gone from being the top man out of the pen to being sent home to Amarillo.

On losing teams players will huddle



Horton kept on playing, hoping for another shot at "the show."

around stat sheets before games. Pitchers get tendinitis in their shoulders before road trips to cities that are known for having "bitters" parks (light air and/or fast infields). Players with their averages hovering just above .300 nurse injuries. There are mysterious illnesses and injuries—four-hour flu and neck and back injuries that recur consistently during

batting slumps. Cut-off men are missed, signs are missed, base runners stealing bases aren't protected by batters, pitchers get consistently behind in the count, the locker room empties 10 minutes after the completion of a game.

It's a difficult task for any manager to instill a winning attitude in minor league players, because they aren't there to win. They're there to get to the majors. Most managers make it clear that they are only interested in winners, or "gamers," but it's quite another thing to possess a personality that's capable of demanding—and getting—players to play each game with winning as their top priority.

Our season ended in Edmonton on Sept. 1. Ironically, we won three of four; still, we finished the second half with a 33-40 record. Most of us were relieved to have it end. My season was mediocre—in 133 games I hit .262, had 57 RBIs and 26 stolen bases. Now I faced another winter of asking myself just what went wrong, and when, and how, and why I'd done this before, seven times before. Did I know the answers? Did I want to know the answers?

As the plane back to Portland took off on Sept. 2, I opened my wallet and searched the compartments for a phone number. Between a credit card and an Association of Players card I spotted a bit of wrinkled paper. I took it out and unfolded it, remembering as I did that I'd placed it there just before leaving for spring training. It was a quote from F. Scott Fitzgerald:

The test of a first rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function. One should, for example, be able to see that things are hopeless and yet be determined to make them otherwise.

I couldn't decide whether to put the slip of paper back into my wallet, but it seemed important that I should decide, one way or the other.

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BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

A NO COMPROMISE, 4-WHEEL DRIVE DUST-BUSTER.



Yesterday

by RICHARD PHELAN

THE FIGHTERS ON THIS CARD STOKED THEIR FIRES AND CAME OUT STEAMING

On Sept. 15, 1896, on a stretch of prairie a few miles north of Waco, Texas, two steam locomotives, each going 60 mph and each pulling six boxcars, crashed head on. At least forty thousand spectators watched it happen. Dozens were injured. Two were killed.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad staged the collision as a publicity stunt to, in effect, put central Texas and the rail line on the map, and it worked. Nearly every newspaper in the country wrote of the event in advance and then carried coverage of it, and stories of the great crash appeared in papers around the world. Thirty-three special excursion trains brought people to the scene, some from such distant points as Kansas City and Chicago.

The M&K&T Railroad, commonly known as the Katy and still in operation, linked St. Louis, Kansas City and the port of Galveston. Along its 2,800 miles of track lay a stretch perfectly suited for the spectacle of wrecking trains. It was straight. It dipped into a long, shallow valley and then climbed out, so that both trains could make a downhill run, gain speed and collide at the valley's lowest

point. And on both sides of the track, at a proper distance, were gentle slopes from which thousands of people would have a fine view.

The decision to wreck the trains was made first and then the search began to find a site. The man ordered to find it was the aptly named William George Crush, general passenger agent for the Katy. Crush was, in fact, in charge of every aspect of the crash; it was his show. He seems to have been energetic, imaginative, well-connected and thorough, for he did a splendid job. He handled the publicity. He laid out the difficult logistics of maneuvering 33 excursion trains over a single railroad track to the same point within a few hours and caring for their passengers. And he dealt with the technical problems of making two decrepit and temperamental steam locomotives run as if they were young again for a few glorious moments, and then destroy each other precisely in front of a grandstand filled with VIPs.

The population of central Texas in 1896 was thin. Waco had about 12,000 citizens, Dallas just slightly more than 40,000. Between the two cities dirt roads connected little towns where cotton farmers traded. There were no cars and no highways. The Katy was the great artery of travel north and south. The site selected for the crash had no facilities for visitors, just grass, grasshoppers, a few trees and a hard, hot sky. So for the purpose of staging his train wreck in style—and gathering in a bit of the excursion-

ists' money—William Crush founded Crush, Texas, a town-for-a-day that sprang up on the open prairie and, for a few hours, challenged Dallas as Texas' largest city.

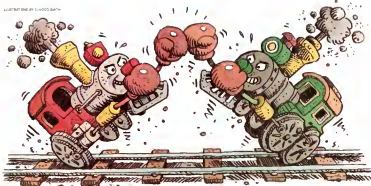
Quite a bit of extra track had to be laid at Crush, for it was obvious that after the wreck the main line wouldn't be usable for days. Katy workmen built a platform nearly half a mile long where several trains at once could disembark passengers. Crush arranged to have the trains, once emptied, wait on sidings at Waco (16 miles to the south) and Hillsboro (20 miles north). He filled eight railway tank cars with pure artesian drinking water, equipped them with multiple faucets and drinking cups on chains and strung them out along a track of their own. Mid-September is hot in Texas. There was to be no charge for a drink of water.

A circus tent, borrowed from The Ringling Brothers, became a restaurant: two dozen waiters served sandwiches, light lunches and iced tea. But no alcoholic beverages were sold, because Crush figured that the liquor brought in by the spectators would cause confusion enough. He built a wooden jail and recruited 200 special constables to fill it with drunks and pickpockets.

Though Crush was a friend of P.T. Barnum's and had access to his skill with publicity, he didn't need it. The mere announcement that the great train wreck was to occur started people all over the country to speculating about just how awful it would be. Still, Crush distributed

continued

ILLUSTRATION BY LINDA BART



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In no time, you'll have enough Bonds for a new car, your child's education, even a dream vacation.

Whatever you save for, Bonds are the safest, surest way to gain capital.

Take stock in America.



When you put part of your savings into U.S. Savings Bonds you're helping to build a brighter future for your country and for yourself.

YESTERDAY continued

throughout Katy's territory circus-style posters, showing in bright colors an artist's conception of the crash. Excursion tickets cost \$2.

The locomotives selected for immolation weighed 35 tons each. They had been around since about 1870, and they looked it. Their cowcatchers had probably nosed through herds of buffalo on the Kansas plains. But the roundhouse crew at Denison, Texas was confident that it could raise enough steam in the engines' old boilers to generate the necessary speed.

The key question was, would the boilers burst in the crash? If they did, hundreds of locomotive parts would become projectiles traveling as much as half a mile, and the number of injured spectators—not to mention lawsuits against the Katy—might be unacceptable. An old roundhouse foreman named Hanrahan, who had railroaded in Ireland before coming to America, assured Crush that the boilers certainly would burst. But everybody else, engineers, shop bosses and steam fitters, said they wouldn't. Hanrahan was so heavily outvoted in this opinion poll that Crush turned his attention to other matters.

A tent city appeared at Crush. Its residents were railroad people working on the project and folks from nearby towns who had come to watch them work. Even the preparations for a train wreck were better entertainment than most central Texans were used to.

Jervis Deane of Waco was the official photographer. Crush built a stand for him, a little nearer the planned collision point—which was marked by a post beside the track—than anyone else's vantage point. Deane was willing to take the risk partly because he was an adventurous sort and partly because good pictures would be worth good money. With two assistants and three cameras on the platform, he planned to photograph the rushing trains a few feet away from each other, the collision itself, and the wreckage as soon as the smoke had cleared.

The trains were brought to the site three days early for trial runs and timing. No. 1001 had been painted bright red, No. 999 bright green. The boxcars carried huge ads for The Ringling Brothers' circus and a Dallas hotel, the Oriental. The trains made stops en route for public inspection and to stir up interest in the big event.

Things went well. The weather stayed

hot and bright. Concessionaires set up lemonade stands and carnival booths, and people from all over Texas arrived a day or more early, in buggies and wagons and on horseback. Whole towns and hundreds of farmhouses were vacated on Sept. 14 and 15.

By 10 a.m. on the 15th, the population of Crush had grown to 10,000. The excursion trains steamed in at the rate of one every 12 minutes, a batch from the north and then a batch from the south. Some estimated the crowd by midafternoon to be 50,000. But the traditional figure, arrived at who knows how and used through the years, is 40,000. Old photographs show women in full-length dresses carrying palmetto fans, and many men in shirt sleeves, though modestly rolled down and buttoned.

Scott Joplin, the ragtime composer, was probably there. Historical evidence puts him in Temple, 50 miles away, the next day. And a piece of his called the *Great Crush Collision* march is a pretty good musical transcription of the event.

A danger area was roped off. But so many people wanted to watch from what, in another context, would have been the 50-yard line that the crowd kept surging and spilling through the ropes. Many onlookers seemed skeptical that there was any risk, and the constables had a hard time forcing them back. A couple of hours were wasted in this way, and the show dropped behind schedule.

Mechanical failures, especially of the brakes, made runaway trains common in the early days of railroading—mindless monsters rolling out of control for many miles up and down grades until they crashed into another train or derailed at high speed on a curve. The engineers and firemen of No. 999 and No. 1001 were to set the controls and jump before the trains picked up too much speed. If one of the unmanned trains should jump the track, the other would charge right past it and go racing down the Katy main line at full throttle, so the tracks behind each train were cut to stop a runaway.

The trains were brought forward to salute each other, like boxers shaking hands. Pilot to pilot, they met at the post which marked the expected crash point and were photographed. Then each train was backed away exactly one mile. The dazed guests sat with dignity on the grandstand. William Crush rode up and down on a horse, running the show. A man got down from a tree, thinking the



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limb might break. A boy eagerly climbed up and, sitting where the man had sat, was killed a few minutes later by a piece of flying metal.

On the final test run one train had covered its mile from a standing start in 120 seconds, the other in 119. It was important to get them off together, if they were to meet anywhere near the chosen point. Crush was in touch with the engineers through telegraphers, one on the ground beside each engine. There was some technical chatter over the telegraph keys. Then Crush gave the order to go, at the same time signaling with his hat to let the crowd know he had done so.

With a steam locomotive, you don't just press a start button and climb down. Certain things have to be done as the train gains speed—things roughly comparable to shifting gears in a car. The engineers and firemen did them and jumped—C.E. Stanton and Frank Barnes from No. 999, Charles Cain and S.M. Dickerson from No. 1001.

Cherry bombs had been fastened to the tracks so that the engines set off exciting bangs as they raced along. The first of Deane's three photographs, taken about a tenth of a second before the crash, shows black plumes of smoke flowing back over each engine. The plumes are long enough and straight enough to indicate exhilarating speed, and the trains themselves are slightly blurred.

They met ten feet north of the chosen point, which was good enough. The VIPs on the 50-yard line had a perfect view until it all disappeared in fire, smoke, dust and steam. Three big bangs came close together. The first was the collision of the engines; the other two were the bursting of one boiler and then the other. Crush raised his eyes to a sky filled with pieces of steel going up, which in a moment would be coming down, and realized that old Hanrahan had been right.

The crowd, too, looked at the sky. But people were so closely packed on the hillsides that no one could dodge the descending chunks of metal and wood. No one could move at all. Some shrieked, some were silent as they waited to be hit or missed.

That moment of anticipation seems to have been the most memorable of all for the witnesses, more impressive even than

the crash. Many of them said so then, and Mrs. Millie Nemceck said so to a reporter in 1979. "I've never forgotten what all that stuff up in the air looked like," recalled the West Texas woman, who, until her death two months ago, was believed to be the last witness to the spectacle. She was 11 when she saw the wreck; 97 when she died.

Most of the heavy stuff fell in the cleared zone. A piece of wood, on the other hand, sailed half a mile and struck a woman senseless. Deane had his right eye put out by a two-inch bolt, and other pieces of metal embedded themselves in his head.

Most of the doctors in the area were there, and they went to work. The number of injured and dead was compara-



tively small, and the spirits of the crowd were only briefly depressed. Men ran to the wreckage to get the choicest souvenirs, but at first the pieces of sheared and twisted metal burned their hands. Deane's uninjured assistant went on taking rather smug pictures with what must have been a ponderous view camera and slow, almost sluggish film. One photograph shows hundreds of men standing on the cooling pile of scrap metal, a zigzag of splintered boxcars and thousands milling around in what had been the danger area. Every piece of the wreck that could be taken away was removed, even rather large chunks that had to be heaved into buggies and wagons.

Crush was ritually fired, with fanfare, soon after the crash and then rehired

with none a few days later. He had, after all, made the Katy famous. That, it was hoped, would bring not just passengers to its trains but settlers to its sparsely inhabited territory—settlers who would be Katy customers all their lives.

The bereaved and injured were paid off. Deane, for example, had a surgeon remove the metal fragments from his head and accepted \$10,000 and a lifetime pass from the M&K&T Railroad in exchange for his right eye. Several weeks after the crash he put a notice in a Waco paper.

Having gotten all the loose screws and other hardware out of my head, and now ready for all photographic business.

Deane, Waco's high-priced photographer

I visited the site of the wreck 84 years, nine months and three days after it occurred. The tracks follow exactly the route they did in 1896. It's still prairie country. Johnson grass, careless weeds, sunflowers, a few scrubby trees. Half a mile to the west the new great artery of travel, Interstate 35, parallels the railway.

I had hoped for a pointing hand or an arrow nailed to a signpost, and the legend THIS IS THE SPOT. But you have to estimate where it was for yourself—probably just at the place where the slight downhill grade becomes null for a few feet before becoming a slight uphill grade. You surely can't miss it by much. What is striking is the absolutely perfect symmetry of the views in both directions. North and south, the rails climb gently and identically for a little more than a mile and then drop over the horizons.

It's still a perfect site for a train wreck. One old railroader has said that had it not been for the burst boilers and subsequent damage payments, railway companies all over the country would have staged train wrecks. None ever did: the one on the Katy was unique. Until recently there were a few old men in central Texas who had felt mildly deprived and resentful for 70-odd years. When they were boys their fathers, through prudence, or stinginess, or a sour disapproval of fun, had refused to let them see the great crash. They never got another chance to see one.

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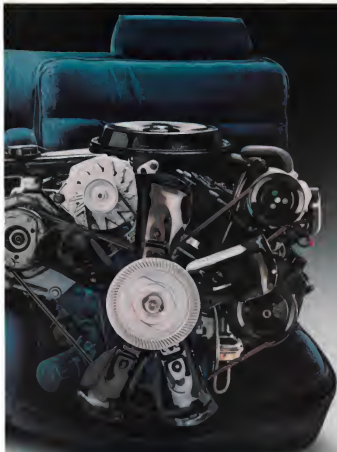
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18

SKYLARK—2.5 Liter I-4
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42

27

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1982 NFC Championship Game: Down 27-21 with 58 seconds left, the 49ers asked time. They had the ball third and three on the Cowboy six.

Photo by Walter Iooss Jr.

"Bob—B!" [Line Coach] McKittrick told Bill Walsh. Sweep right. Walsh shook his head. "We'll pass," he said. "Sprint right opeya." The Cowboys gathered themselves for one last rush. Montana scrambled right. Solomon was covered. Too Tall Jones and Larry Bethia and a hitting D.D. Lewis were closing in. "I wasn't going to take the sack," he [Montana] said. "I knew he [Dwight Clark] had to be at the back of the end zone. I let the ball go. I got hit and wound up on my back. I heard the crowd screaming." They were screaming. [for] Clark who climbed the sky wire and came down with six points with 51 seconds left. "It was over my head," Clark said. "I thought, 'Oh oh. I can't go that high.' Something got me up there. It must have been God or something." *Paul Zimmerman, SI—January 18, 1982*

Incredible photography. You-are-there writing. Renew your subscription now and reserve yourself the best seat in the house.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

GENERAL WALKER

Sir:

What a difference a year makes. Herschel Walker was on the cover of your March 7 issue ("Hitting Pay Dirt") almost one year to the day after another Walker cover (March 1, 1982) asked: "Will Herschel Walker Turn Pro Now?" The two poses are similar, but now there's a New Jersey General helmet on his knee instead of that of a Georgia Bulldog.

We Georgia fans with Walker the best of luck in the USFL and thank him for playing a large part in the one national championship and the three SEC championships that the university has won or shared in the past three years.

RODNEY SMITH
Savannah

Sir:

Regarding Herschel Walker, the question of ethics and morality was not discussed. As I read the newspapers and SI's report it seemed to me that Walker had lied, his lawyer had supported the lie and USFL Commissioner Chet Simmons had dismissed all these goings-on as a "special case."

I've always felt, maybe naively, that college athletes are role models for younger, more impressionable athletes. If so, the damage that has been done is probably irrevocable.

GILBERT S. SMALL, D.D.S.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

Herschel Walker's fit on George Washington's birthday (minus a couple of days) and his signing of a \$3.9 million contract may be just the kind of blind-side tackle that will knock some sense into intercollegiate athletics. Now is the time for major policy revisions. Let universities lease their stadiums and field houses, their logos and fight songs to the pros. Let the NFL, the NBA and the USFL establish baseball-style farm systems. Let the new farm teams divorce themselves from academic restrictions, no eligibility rules, no grade-point averages, no scholarly pretenses, no slips on the way for rule violations—just good, clean, well-paid, free-enterprise football and basketball.

ROBERT KREIDER
North Newton, Kans.

Sir:

Hooray! You put the Herschel Walker controversy in proper perspective (SCORECARD, March 7). The NFL coaches are just jealous that they couldn't grab Walker for their league. The college coaches are acting even worse. I'd advise them to grow up and face reality. Last time I checked, this was still the good ol' U.S.A., where everybody has a right

to make a living. Being a devout Florida Gator fan, I was elated to see Herschel go, but I was also disgusted by the reaction of some coaches and sportswriters.

RUSS HALL
Pasadena, Texas

MINNESOTA HOCKEY

Sir:

E. M. Swift's article on the 1982 Minnesota State High School Hockey Tournament (*The Thrill of a Lifetime*, March 7) was a joy to read. But like a carefully scripted soap opera, it left us on the edge of our seats. It told us that the Edina Hornets, "the Dallas Cowboys of Minnesota high school hockey," won the 1982 title, but then teased us by revealing that the 1983 tournament was a week away.

What a nation of sports fans it was going to find out: Did Edina do it again? Dr did it come up short, as did America's Team? Did Bloomington Thomas Jefferson reclaim the title it won in 1981? Dr did East Grand Fork finally win its first tournament game? Or was this the year for Hibbing or Henry Sibley of Mendota Heights or Cloquet or Marner of White Bear Lake? I don't care who shot J.R., just tell me who won the 1983 Minnesota hockey tournament.

BRIET B. WOOD
North Plainfield, N.J.

• St. Paul's Hill-Murray defeated Burnsville 4-3 for the 1983 title and finished the season with a 28-0-0 record to become the first unbeaten and untied Minnesota high school team since Edina East went 24-0-0 in 1974. Edina—Edina East and Edina West have since been combined—was upset 2-0 in the quarterfinals by Columbia Heights, making its first tournament appearance. Columbia Heights went on to the "third-place game," losing 4-3 to Henry Sibley. Bloomington Thomas Jefferson, East Grand Forks, Hibbing, Cloquet and Marner all lost in regional "playdowns."—ED

Sir:

E. M. Swift eloquently captured the essence of sports—youthful enthusiasm, dedication, striving for victory and dealing with defeat. What a welcome change from arid, boring litigation and machinations!

LEO A. GORDON, M.D.
Los Angeles

Sir:

Magnificent! Never in my years of subscribing to SI have I read a more touching article than the one by E. M. Swift on the Minnesota high school hockey tournament. I was fortunate enough to attend this spectacular event last year and can honestly say that nothing

can compare to the excitement of watching a group of teen-agers giving everything they've got. One thing that Swift failed to mention was that there wasn't one fight during the 11-game tournament. Now that's real hockey and true sportsmanship.

LENNY LUNDGREN
Superior, Wis.

BROAD STREET BOUTS

Sir:

Immediately after I read Jack Falla's article (*They're the Lords of Discipline*, March 7) about the Philadelphia Flyers and their "new" style of play—less fighting, fewer penalty minutes, etc.—I picked up a local newspaper and learned that Flyer Defenseman Behn Wilson had been suspended for six games by the NHL as a result of a high-sticking incident involving Ranger Goaltender Glen Hanlon in a game on Feb. 19. An executive of the NHL offered the following statement: "It is apparent that Wilson went out of his way to strike Hanlon." It is noted that this is the third time that Wilson has been subject to league discipline for an incident involving the swinging of his stick at an opponent.

Tsk, tsk. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

BOB CLOKE
Staten Island, N.Y.

OLYMPIC COACH

Sir:

In reference to your Feb. 28 SCORECARD item concerning Indiana basketball Coach Bobby Knight and his recurring problems stemming from the so-called Puerto Rico incident, Knight is considered by many to be the best college basketball coach in the nation. Why then should he not coach the best amateur players in the nation in the Olympic Games?

You describe the ideal Olympic coach as being "somewhat of a diplomat." If so, let's send George Shultz as the head man. Knight, it's alleged, committed a diplomatic foul by not backing down when he and his team were shabbily treated at the 1979 Pan Am Games and then daring to tell the truth about what happened. Obviously, honesty and politics don't mix any better in amateur athletics than they do in Washington.

I'm sure most Americans would rather win the gold medal and ask questions later, so I say send our top coach.

RIN BOLSHOI
Sherman, Texas

Sir:

Bobby Knight is one of the top five or six coaches in the country, but there's no way he should be our Olympic basketball coach. An-

continued

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other Puerto Rico-type incident could occur, and that would just embarrass the United States. The group of people who selected Knight should reconsider. I'm sure coaches like Dean Smith, Ray Meyer, Lou Carnesecca, Digger Phelps, Joe B. Hall and Denny Crum could do just as well, if not better.

Knight proved to be the prototype of the ugly American. He may be a great coach, but he's not the man to foster good sportsmanship between countries.

RIKK A. BRUE
Warsaw, Ind.

Sir:

Bobby Knight expresses his disdain for Hispanics overtly. SI is more covert. In the SCORECARD item on Knight's latest tirade, SI identifies Anglo sportswriters who comment on the issue (George Vecsey of *The New York Times* and SI's Jack McCullum), but buries the author of the column that reported the racist remarks Knight made in Gary, Ind. in anonymity. You referred to him only as "a Puerto Rican journalist."

That "Puerto Rican journalist" is a Chicanismo of Puerto Rican descent, Carmelo Meléndez, producer/host of WFDD-TV's weekly half-hour program *Our People, Los Hispanos*. He's also a contributing columnist to *Hispanic Link News Service*, which syndicates three columns weekly to 175 newspapers nationally.

Establishment media seem to have an aversion to using authorities other than those "old boys" they anoint and/or have on their own payroll.

HECTOR MENDOZA ERIKSEN
Associate Editor
Hispanic Link News Service
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

In response to a request from SI special correspondent Connie Lepore, this office issued, on Feb. 17, 1983, a comment by Governor Carlos Romero-Barceló concerning a letter he received in 1979 from Bobby Knight. Nevertheless, in its recent SCORECARD item on Knight, SI omitted all reference to the governor's statement, reporting only that he had "confirmed" receipt of Knight's letter and that Knight had never received a reply.

In the interest of fairness, I request that you publish Governor Romero-Barceló's brief statement, which is as follows:

"Bobby Knight's letter of September 7, 1979, constituted an incomplete apology for his behavior during and after the Eighth Pan American Games.

"Mr. Knight denigrated Puerto Rico's system of justice without proof and without cause. This is unacceptable, especially since our system of justice conforms fully to the Constitution and pertinent laws of the United States.

"Mr. Knight also defied our system of justice, by refusing to appear for sentencing in our courts. This too is unacceptable.

"Finally, Mr. Knight has made a mockery of his own letter, by continuing for more than three years to make derogatory public statements about the people of Puerto Rico and about the institutions of Puerto Rican society. Accordingly, whatever sincere sentiments may have prompted his 1979 letter have long since been contradicted and ridiculed by his personal conduct."

GEORGE McDOUGALL
Special Aide to the Governor
San Juan, Puerto Rico

TESTING HOUSTON

Sir:

In his article on the University of Houston basketball team (*The Big Brothers of Phi Slamma Jamma*, March 7), Curry Kirkpatrick stated that "except for a 79-78 squeaker over Southwest Louisiana and a game against Arkansas, which turned out to be a 76-60 rout... the Cougars haven't been tested seriously since December." Not true! The Cougars were seriously tested twice more after December—three times, now, counting their 74-66 victory over Arkansas on March 3. On Jan. 12 at TCU they won 54-51. Only clutch free throws by Akeem Olayiwon saved them. On Feb. 12, in Houston, TCU led by seven points at halftime but couldn't stop Michael Young, who led the Cougars to a 74-66 victory. If TCU hadn't lost star sixth-man Jeff Baker the week before, it might have held on for the win. Furthermore, in the two games against TCU, Olayiwon was held to fewer than 10 points and rode the pine most of the game. Before the Cougars can win the NCAA tournament, which is probable, they face one more obstacle. The Killer Frogs are looking to waylay them in Reunion Arena during the Southwest Conference tournament.

JIM HANSON
Fort Worth

• The Frogs came mighty close to achieving their goal in the tournament, but the Cougars won 62-59 (page 66)—ED

Sir:

Concerning Curry Kirkpatrick's statement about the number (131) of dunks made by Houston "Look up the women and children and take that, Louisville." Louisville can take Houston anytime. We'll see which team goes farther in the NCAA's.

MARK KOONS
Red Lion, Pa.

DR. J

Sir:

Bruce Newman's article on the Philadelphia 76ers (*This May Be One for the Books*, Feb. 28) was good, but a special thanks for your cover photo of Julius Erving should go to Jerry Wachter. He captured the Lord of the Rings in full ascension.

That cover reminded me of your Jan. 14, 1974 cover photo of the Doctor. That season he led the New York Nets to the ABA championship. Given Erving's current supporting

cast, he may well add the NBA title to his list of accomplishments.

JOHN P. LYNKEY
Philadelphia

Sir:

I'm still curious as to whether Dr. J can dunk a basketball after taking off from one foot inside the foul circle, as Marshall Coach Bob Zuffelato claimed (*Dr. J Will Be One Testy Season*, Nov. 29). In my opinion, George Kniesda of the *Los Angeles Times*, (19TH HOLE, Dec. 20) was right. Even though the Doctor is one of the best athletes in the world, I don't think he, or anybody, can do it. But no one will know until you get on with the challenge.

MARK GOTHEBERG
West Bloomfield, Mich.

Sir:

George Kniesda was absolutely right: Sports journalism loses a little more credibility each time nonsense—like his letter—creeps into print. First of all, we aren't talking about a 20-foot-long jump, as Kniesda insisted. Isn't "a foot inside the foul circle" 17 or 18 feet from the rim? And why must he execute the dunk at the apex of the leap? I'd guess that more than 95% of all dunk shots are "dunked" on the way down.

Maybe Marshall Coach Bob Zuffelato hasn't seen Dr. J. dunk from a foot inside the foul circle—although he probably has—but obviously Kniesda didn't see the 76ers play the Knicks in Madison Square Garden in March 1978. I remember watching the Doctor take off from well before the foul line, dunk the ball and then put his left arm out in front of him to keep himself from crashing into the backboard. And Julius must have done it many times in the ABA.

Maybe Julius can't do it now, because he is 33 years old. But when he was younger, a trapeze artist who didn't use a net, Julius Winfield Erving II could have dunked from the top of the key in Death Valley.

WILLIAM SCOTT JETT
North Wildwood, N.J.

• Harvey Pollack, longtime director of press relations for the Sixers, put the question to Erving and other members of the team. Dr. J, in his usual unaffected way, replied that he's sure he has dunked from a foot inside the foul circle a number of times during his career, although he's not so sure he could do it now. Rookie Russ Schoene remembers seeing Erving do it in St. Louis during his ABA days, and Trainer Al D'Amico is also certain the Doc has done it. Says Pollack, "Julius can hang in air longer than anybody else in the league, probably longer than anyone who has ever played, and he has long arms to reach out and dunk the ball"—ED.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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